THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Venture in the High C's

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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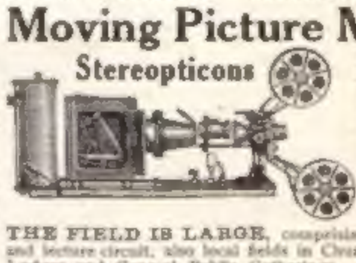

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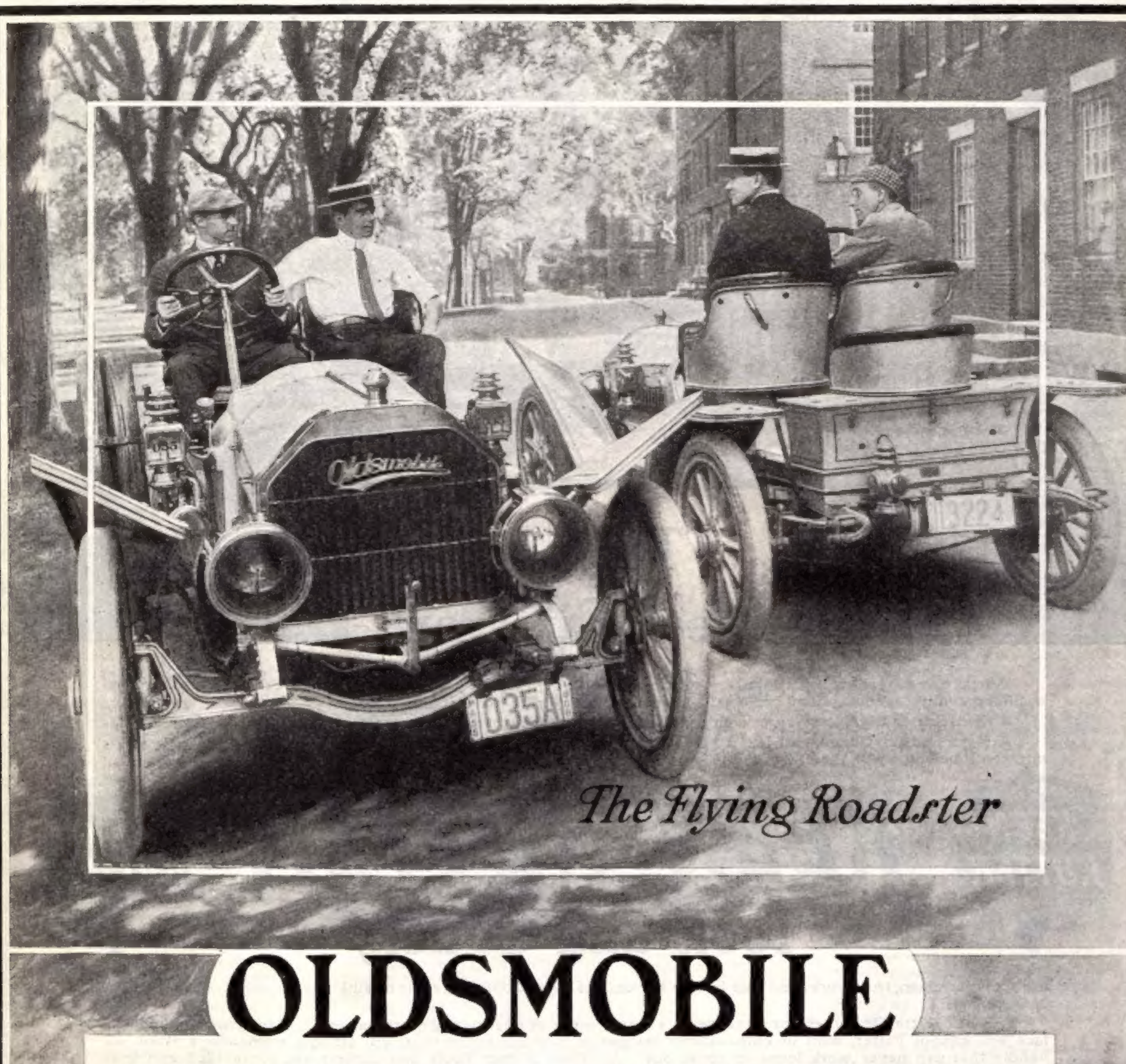

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SEEING THE CAMPAIGN

I—The Financial Side of President-Making

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

THE first loud cry William Jennings Bryan emitted after he was nominated echoed and reëchoed with the subject of campaign contributions. While regulating the size of the sums to be donated to the cause, Mr. Bryan did not fail to ask everybody who has the convictions and the price to walk up to the captain's window, promising a neat little advertisement along about the middle of October for each patriot who hands in anything equal in commercial value to a hundred-dollar bill or more, and saying that, perhaps, those who contribute less than a hundred may get a reading notice, too.

This was contrary to the apparently placid indifference of William Taft as to money, who, from the time he was nominated at Chicago until he made his speech of acceptance, had given the impression that he thought all the Republicans would need in the coming campaign would be a forty-nine-cent book of postage stamps. He said nothing about money until he put out those cautious remarks concerning his inability to accept contributions from wicked, wicked corporations, and his promise that all who give shall have their meed of advertisement from the publicity agents of his committee.

This was galling, but it was necessary. Mr. Bryan had led the way and Mr. Taft was committed to it by that letter he wrote to Senator Burrows last winter advocating publicity for campaign contributions. It upset precedent. Heretofore, the left hand of the treasurer never knew from whom the right hand took it, and both hands were deaf and dumb when it came to telling anybody else. It was possible for a generous gentleman to put in a few thousands in the hope of paving the way to an office later. Postmaster-General Meyer, they say, owes his diplomatic and Cabinet prominence to the fact that he raised and contributed more money than anybody else to a certain campaign fund.

A Human Switchboard of Finance

STILL, although no corporations can contribute to either side—lucky corporations!—Mr. Taft is far down Easy Street when compared to Mr. Bryan. There is still the pleasing fact that he has a brother, Charles P., who has a few tons of what is needed to make the political wheels—barring those in the heads—go around, and Charles P. is not a corporation, nor is he a trust nor combination in restraint of trade. He is a genial and loving brother who, hitherto, has displayed commendable alacrity in detaching wads from his own person and attaching said wads to Brother Bill. Thus it is reasonable to suppose he will not get cold feet, but will continue to divest himself of as many pecks of trading-stamps as the trades may demand.

Another reason for the calm demeanor of Mr. Taft, as contrasted with the hectic condition of Mr. Bryan, when money is mentioned, is that Mr. Taft, after careful consideration, annexed for treasurer of his committee Mr. George R. Sheldon, of New York, who radiates, not to say ramifies, into the financial district in the metropolis in every direction. Mr. Sheldon has so many financial connections he resembles a switchboard in a telephone branch office. Intimate as his knowledge of the inhibited corporations is, his acquaintance with the various gentlemen—the individuals, so to speak—who make up the corporations is just as bosomy, and it will be his duty and his pleasure to shake down the individuals—shake, shake and shake again. If Mr. Taft should adopt that ten-thousand-limit idea it will be a cruel blow at Brother Charley, unless Charley gets his in before the limit is put on, which might be done, you know.

Mr. Bryan had been thinking deeply on the subject. When the new Democratic National Committee called on him a few days after the Denver convention he was prepared. He handed Josephus Daniels a neatly-written set of resolutions which declared it was the sense of the committee that no contribution of more than ten thousand dollars should be accepted, that the names of all contributors of a hundred dollars or more should be published, and a few other similar thoughts. The new committee, not knowing before Josephus made his entry with the resolutions that this was its sense, immediately sensed it and went to it with a whoop. Some of the members are rich, you know.

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Mr. Bryan's Hundred-Dollar Plan

MR. BRYAN'S action shows him to be a thrifty and prudent man. A good many people had thought he would give fifty thousand dollars out of his abundant store, but, of course, the candidate cannot do what his supporters are forbidden to do, and Mr. Bryan saved a casual forty thousand for further improvements on the Fairview farm. Still, the Democratic National Committee is not without funds. They preserved sixty thousand of that hundred thousand the citizens of Denver put up—the Denver people really paid it all in—to have the show in their midst, and as Mr. Bryan undoubtedly wrote his check at once, and as the second mail probably brought Mose Wetmore's check from St. Louis, there is a good eighty thousand as a beginning, concerning which Ollie James, of Kentucky, anxiously asked: "Are you sure you will need any more than that?"—being of a prudent nature himself.

To make sure, however, to get their minds off such sordid details of campaigning as money, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern, after thinking in unison for some hours, produced an appeal to the farmers of the country asking these horny-handed sons of toil to help out, instancing the case of the Swedish farmer—Republican—of Iowa, who came all the way to Lincoln and laid his hundred dollars in the glow of the stained-glass windows.

If every farmer will give a hundred dollars Mr. Bryan surely will have enough; and already made fairly comfortable he was able to concentrate himself on his letter of acceptance and his speech of the same, two highly-ornamental productions, inasmuch as it was reasonably certain Mr. Bryan would accept before he spoke or wrote.

Those patriots in Congress who are aching for reëlection for themselves, and who have some slight interest in one or the other of the Presidential candidates, are concerned about the money question also. They voted for the railroad rate bill with loud cries and exclamations that now, at last, they would hand one to the railroads that would make those haughty corporations come to their knees before the plain people; and, mindful of the lulling effect on the lawmaker of an annual or a trip pass, they put in anti-pass provisions so stringent that passes are now as infrequent as they were formerly frequent. The men who run the campaigns this year will hold grand lodges of sorrow at frequent intervals, for, in the good old days, the railroad companies furnished transportation for the spellbinders of both parties, sent them from one part of the country to another for nothing. They cannot do that now. The spellbinders must have tickets, and the committees will be obliged to pay for the tickets. Some experts say this means an additional burden of five hundred thousand dollars for each party, if the old plan of speaking campaigns is followed.

More than that, a good many of the orators who are ready to go out and devastate the country, proclaiming from convenient rostrums the merits of either of the Bills, think they should have a few dollars for each speech.

Mark Hanna began paying spellbinders as a class. Individuals had been paid before this time. The Democratic National Committee took up the custom in 1904.

Now, every man who has two connected thoughts in his system thinks it is worth a hundred dollars and expenses a time to get them out in full view of a madly-enthusiastic audience. The Chautauquas have been paying good money to many of the Congressional orators, including the eminent Mr. Bryan himself, and there has grown up a prejudice among the present-day silver-tongued in favor of getting legal tender for talk.

Viewing these minor conditions and the major ones of the natural expenses of a great campaign, it is not surprising that Mr. Bryan let out the long yell for money, nor is it remarkable that Mr. Taft tapped Sheldon on the shoulder and said "You're it!" when he was considering the matter of a treasurer. So far as keeping the money that is subscribed is concerned, a man could be secured for twenty-five dollars a week who would be a fine keeper and who could write checks as he was directed. Treasurers of national committees are not keepers: they are getters.

Meantime, the inevitable happened, and Frank H. Hitchcock was selected to be Mr. Taft's chairman. Since that time, Mr. Hitchcock has been chasing about the country, announcing, from time to time, that this is to be a campaign of arguments and facts, which are terms sometimes applied to the stuff Mr. Bryan is shouting for, said stuff being the most argumentative and the most actual of all our productions. Presently, headquarters will be gumshoeing along under Mr. Hitchcock's watchful eye, in Western and Eastern territory, and all will be as silent as a rubber tire.

After Mr. Hitchcock's brilliant and successful appearance as a rolling-mill in Chicago, where he took large ingots of Taft opposition and rolled them into perfectly ductile and usable material for his own purposes; after his candidate was nominated and the laurel wreath had been placed on the Hitchcockian brow, along came some peevish Ohio persons and sought to tear therefrom the wreath so richly deserved. One Vorys and his friends snatched rudely at the decoration, which Hitchcock had grown to fancy, inasmuch as it was open at the top and much cooler than a straw hat, to say nothing of having any straw hat in the universe beaten for general decorative effect. Vorys had been running the Taft headquarters in Columbus, influencing votes at a great rate by sending out postal-cards bearing such arguments as "I'm for Taft. Who are you for?" and "What's the matter with Taft? He's all right." He had figured on managing the campaign, and naturally it made him querulous and petulant to observe the Hitchcock laudation and to think of the army of clerks Hitchcock would put to work, to the absence on the pay-roll of Vorys' own faithful assistants.

Moreover, Brother Charles P. Taft had a twinge or two. He allowed that this person, Hitchcock, was too broad and liberal in his views, harking back to the fact that Hitchcock engaged one hundred or thereabouts of the choicest rooms in the hotel for his staff and occupied about twenty of them, thereby letting Brother Charles in for some five thousand dollars for a long and imposing row of empty rooms, contracted for, but not used. Brother Charles is no tight-wad, but he lingered a long time over that five thousand before he kissed it good-by in payment for a certain amount of cubic feet of air and nothing else.

Ohio protested volubly. Then Colonel Hitchcock came marching to the front with as large and ornate a bluff as has been worked on a candidate in a long time. "I regret," he wired to Taft, "that I cannot accept the place you have not so kindly offered to me. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. Take your blamed old campaign and run it to suit yourself. I am too tired, too sick, too healthy, too vigorous, too anything you like to have aught to do with it. I am through, finished, done, terminated. I have won this fight for you, and I now retire to my tent to consider the ingratitude of Republicans. Scat!"

Portly as he is, William Howard Taft jumped ten feet in the air when an asbestos-mitted messenger boy handed him that burning wire. The committee that went to see him to help him pick a campaign manager left for home immediately, and Mr. Taft sat down to a few hours of perturbed meditation. Colonel Hitchcock remained obscured in masterly silence, but, ever and anon, there trickled into the newspapers a few lines telling how he had been badly treated, how he was entitled to the place, which, now, alack! he would not take, "never, under no circumstances," and what was to become of Taft, anyhow, with Hitchcock off the job?

So they sought out Hitchcock and pleaded with him. Would he be satisfied to be campaign manager for the East, say, and let Vorys have a hack at the West?

He would not. He was out of it. No split responsibility for his.

Well, what would he do?

Nothing. It was all over.

They tried to threaten him, and it didn't work. They tried to coax him, and he was not to be cajoled. He stood pat. Finally, they called him to Virginia Hot Springs and humbly asked if he would not please—pl-ee-a-s-e—take it. "Oh, do! It is not meet for you to leave us now."

Who could refuse such pleadings? Not Hitchcock, who was wise enough to see he had run the bluff to the proper point and, if he held out much longer, somebody would call him and call him hard. He consented. Not that he wanted the place. Not that! Simply because he deemed it his duty, in view of the arguments presented and the evident distress of the candidate, the committee, the Republican party and such Democrats as had written to Mr. Taft they intend to support him. He took it. You may be sure he took it. He took it on the condition he is to be supreme. There is to be no divided management. He will give Vorys a job, to be sure, but Vorys is to have no coördinate powers.

Correct! Taft assented. Everybody assented. And Colonel Frank H. Hitchcock walked out of the room, having exemplified again the immortal truth that the way to play them is to play them as if you have them, whether you have them or not.

The issue has been joined laboriously. The whole country is in a ferment of excitement over the fights in the various baseball leagues. We are hunting and fishing, and getting in the crops, and going to the seashore and the mountains, and everything is upset over the campaign—not—not—not. But Mr. Bryan is explaining his platform and Mr. Taft is explaining his platform, and they will keep on explaining until election day. After that, only one will have any explaining to do, but it can be put down as a fact that both candidates will make tremendous gains in August and early September.

Both candidates always do.

Human Nature in Selling Goods

THE TRAINING OF THE SALESMAN

The First Time He is Snubbed He May be Horribly Downcast. But the Sixth Time He Turns that Particular Sort of a Snub with a Pleasantry

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

JUST as many American manufacturers have found it necessary, the past few years, to establish apprentice and technical courses for training the men who make their goods, so they have established courses in salesmanship to train the men who sell them.

The most direct and practical schooling seems to be that given where the manufacturer trains men to sell his particular goods in his own particular way. For selling methods in different lines of business vary widely. Even the selling methods of different houses in the same line will vary.

When a man goes to school to learn selling, what does he study?

Popular opinion, picturing the salesman as a well-dressed, smooth-talking chap, assumes that he is taught how to keep his nails manicured and to converse in one long, blue streak. Now, good clothes and a good stage presence *are* essential in salesmanship, to be sure. But what the student of his craft really spends most of his time upon while at one of these manufacturers' selling schools is that very old and knotty study, Logic.

Popular opinion holds firmly to the notion that salesmanship means persuading people to buy what they do not want, and that the salesman accomplishes this through glibness. But real salesmanship, as taught and practiced to-day, is only the art of presenting the facts about something that people *do* want so that the man who hears the facts gets them right side up and impressively.

Six men relate the same funny story. Only one, however, tells it with point. On the same principle, six men might tell the story of a typewriter, and only one make the points clear and strong. There is certainly nothing abstract or vague about the point of the average funny story. Anybody can learn to make it go off Bang! with a little thought and arrangement. Told a dozen times to diverse people, the narrator trims or amplifies his yarn to suit hearers, and makes it *his*.

On the same principle, there is nothing vague or abstract about the evidence upon which a typewriter is sold. If it is a good typewriter its story will have Bang! bang! bang! So a manufacturer's school of salesmanship takes men who have had some experience in selling and drills into them, by rote at first, the structure of the selling evidence for a given commodity, and then sends them out into what are called "training territories" to try it on the dog—to get the knack of adapting that story to all sorts of people, and at the same time of absorbing it temperamentally so that it is *theirs*.

Along with this, there will be considerable instruction in certain minor arts, though these are largely things the salesman teaches himself. Before a prospective customer can be impressed with evidence it is necessary to get his attention.

One of the salesmen for a large manufacturing house couldn't make headway in the city trade, somehow. He was an earnest young man, worked hard, covered plenty of territory every day. But he didn't turn in the sales.

"I'll go along with you," said his sales-manager, "and see if we can find out what's wrong."

Together they went into the first store, the manager watching, the salesman doing the talking.

"Mr. Smith," the latter would address the merchant, "I am here this morning representing the well-known manufacturing house of S——." But by the time he had reached the name of his firm the merchant was backing away. Or, if he got attention, he said, "I came in to see if you wouldn't buy a dozen of our new No. 12785 model, the latest——"

After they had canvassed half a dozen stores, getting no hearing, the sales-manager said, "Here, let me have that sample," and put it in his pocket. In the next place the manager did the selling. Saying nothing whatever, he handed the sample to the merchant, and kept quiet thirty seconds while the latter turned it over inquiringly. "Our latest model," he then said quietly, and after waiting fifteen seconds more broached the subject of buying. But he didn't say buying at all—he said sell. "Mr. Smith, you can sell a dozen of those every week at sixty per cent. profit—we'll show you how to do it." With that sort of approach few prospective customers were deaf. Having the sample placed in their hands, attention was assured for at least a minute—time enough to start a conversation in the right direction.

But When Socrates Got to the End of His Chain the Politician was Bound Hand and Foot

After the salesman has learned an absolutely logical formula for presenting his story he will still have to devise his own methods of getting a hearing. One of the earliest courses in salesmanship in this country, established in a great manufacturing house, was confined entirely to theory work. It was excellent theory, too, but, when men went out into the field to sell, only ten per cent. of them were successful. Then

"training territories" were added, where students applied theory to live human beings, and immediately the percentage of successful men rose to sixty-five.

Logic is all right, but sometimes it has to carry through a third person and gets warped in transit.

A Western promoter came to New York with a company project of such magnitude and novelty that it sounded too big and radical to be true—though it really was. By experience in presenting this enterprise he had learned to subdue its spectacular phases and emphasize its solid merits—when he got a business man's ear he usually convinced him.

But He Didn't Say Buying at All—He Said Sell

The scope of this project was such that the promoter made it a rule to reach the biggest man in any concern he approached. It was so important, he reasoned, that, if laid before the Steel Trust, it would eventually have to come up to Judge Gary for decision. So he went for Judge Gary in the first place.

One day a private secretary barred his way, saying, "Our president is very, *very* busy this month." He was an uncommonly dry and unresponsive secretary. "Perhaps you will explain your proposition to me, and I'll lay it before Mr. Elder."

The promoter had precisely the card to play against such an obstruction.

"My dear sir, I've studied this proposition day and night for eighteen months and don't fully understand it yet myself. I'm afraid I shouldn't make it plain enough for you to present it to Mr. Elder as it deserves to be presented."

But this card didn't take the trick that time. The secretary smiled skeptically while the promoter unfolded his scheme. The promoter became so intent on making the project exceptionally clear that he forgot his usual precautions. He made it so impressive to the secretary that the latter was fairly aglow with the possibilities when he got in to the president and dilated upon them excitedly. As he unfolded it to Mr. Elder all the circus element was uppermost. Mr. Elder could smell the sawdust, as it were, and hear the whangdoodle calling to its progeny in the animal tent. Mr. Elder said the thing sounded absurd—utterly preposterous! But next day the promoter caught Mr. Elder for thirty seconds and held him an hour with *his* version—and got his coöperation.

A School of Practical Salesmanship

A LARGE manufacturing house, with headquarters in New York, has a school for training salesmen. Students are either men sent on from the company's sales agencies throughout the country or candidates taken on trial. In the latter case the applicant must have had selling experience. He may have got the rudiments of selling as an advertising solicitor, or clerk behind the counter, or drummer on the road. It is not considered worth while to accept men absolutely new to selling. Applicants are carefully sifted, and, even after they begin study, the number dropped out the first two weeks is so large that no compensation is given until the third week's study begins. At that point about every other man has proved desirable, and a salary is paid to the end of the course.

For three weeks the students come down at nine and drill, drill, drill until five every day under an instructor, memorizing a lot of stuff in a book that seems pedantic even to the veteran salesman, until he sees its point and purpose later.

This book-stuff is the logic of selling.

Socrates, the immortal cross-examiner, had a way of casually asking a politician if he thought it a fine day and following this with a chain of questions apparently quite as idle. But when Socrates got to the end of his chain the politician was bound hand and foot.

Modern selling logic is eminently Socratic. Once the salesman was an entertainer and spellbinder. But to-day he is a cross-examiner and, instead of persuading, lets his man persuade himself. Even where he works by rule of thumb his methods are those of the cross-examiner. Manufacturers therefore, finding a general principle underlying selling, are naturally alert to develop that principle and teach it systematically.

One of the first theory lessons the student goes over and over again in this school is a bit of logic called the "standard approach." In cold type it looks wholly academic. But in two months it can be made an instrument of precision.

A well-drilled salesman with the "standard approach" for a patent burglar alarm, for example, enters a pawn-shop. His approach is simply a series of questions that the pawnbroker will answer readily enough once he has his attention. But to each of these questions there is only one reply, Yes or No, and the pawnbroker is going to answer precisely as the salesman wants him to, entertaining at the time the belief that he is a free agent.

There are some preliminary difficulties—Cohen is talking to a detective from headquarters, or selling a revolver to a Chinaman. Perhaps, he is around the corner, and Jakie has to be sent to tell him a gentleman wants to see him. At all events, Cohen isn't going to be wildly excited at the idea of investing a couple of hundred dollars in a burglar alarm. So the salesman begins with weather questions, and leads up as easily as may be to the fact that he is well informed about burglar alarms.

"Burglar alarms!" says Cohen triumphantly. "Why, I've got one—put it in two years ago." He imagines that this ends the matter. But the salesman knew he had a burglar alarm, and this is about what he wants Cohen to say. He is glad to know that Mr. Cohen realizes the value of modern devices—that he is progressive in business. In fact, that is why he came in—because it is such an up-to-date-looking place.

"The reason you installed it was for protection, was it not, Mr. Cohen?"

"In this neighborhood!" says Cohen. "You bet your life."

"It isn't ornamental, is it?" continues the salesman. "That burglar alarm doesn't keep your books, or turn off your window lights at eleven o'clock, or open your store in the morning—does it? All you expect is protection in case crooks try to break into your place?"

Cohen assents to this, of course.

A Sure Thing in Burglar Alarms

"NOW, that system may be called upon to give you protection only once a year. When it is called upon, you want to feel that you have absolutely the best protection obtainable—don't you?"

"Yes—certainly."

"Mr. Cohen, if I could examine your alarm system as a man who is studying such apparatus every day in the year, and show you that it had certain shortcomings that have been overcome in more modern apparatus, and that it isn't giving you as much protection as you ought to get for your money, would you defend your own system? Do you feel any sentimental affection for it? Or is this whole question of protection just a matter of business with you—dollars and cents?"

Cohen can't say that he lacks an open mind, and this admission brings the sequence of the "approach" to the point the salesman wanted to reach when he asked his first question: Cohen is ready to look into comparisons between the system he owns and the one the salesman represents.

These comparisons are all technical. The salesman has brought Cohen into his own special province. He can say, "You note that *our* apparatus is built with round corners to resist injury, and double air-spaces to withstand heat—you know very well, Mr. Cohen, what that air-space means." And Cohen assents—though really he doesn't know anything about it; and the same salesman could, in a minute or two, get his assent to the proposition that air-spaces are highly dangerous and undesirable things. Every blessed technical point advanced has its own special arguments, each arranged with just the proper sequence to give them force. The salesman memorized them as the first part of his sales education, and, if Cohen raises an objection that isn't provided for, he will be an exceptional man indeed.

Cohen isn't Going to be Wildly Excited at the Idea of Investing a Couple of Hundred Dollars in a Burglar Alarm

Perhaps, the pawnbroker surrenders, and admits his own burglar alarm is a sham and that he ought to have a better one. But business is slow. He hasn't the money now. Can't afford it. Come around in about a year——

"Mr. Cohen," asks the salesman, earnestly, "suppose a member of your family were so sick that only an operation this afternoon would save life. Would you hesitate a moment in calling the best surgical specialists?"

Of course Cohen wouldn't—he loves his family.

Well, next to his family, what stands so close to him as his business? Without his business, what would become of his family? It is true he may never be robbed. But, again, he may. What would lack of adequate protection mean in emergency? Dare he take the risk when the best modern safeguards can be bought on easy payments?

Or Cohen may have no burglar-alarm system at all, but is going to buy a second-hand installation from his brother-in-law, who is retiring from business. The logic covers that. He may be inclined to buy a new system, but is worrying about the price. The logic will centre his attention on quality in such a way that price becomes absolutely secondary. And, if he scoffs at burglars and protection, the logic will present statistics of crime and robbery striking enough to keep him awake nights.

All these things are covered in set formulas which the student works over during his first three weeks at the school, at the same time learning the mechanism of the apparatus itself. This logic is gathered and compiled from the selling methods of the company's entire sales force, and is therefore eminently practical. If Cohen should raise a new objection it would be submitted to a hundred working salesman. They would tell how they meet that particular objection in practice, and from the hundred methods would be deduced a standard method. Some of the concerns who train salesmen along this line have spent tens of thousands of dollars in collecting and compiling such data, and conventions of their men are held to discuss just those points.

After three weeks' drill in the theory work a student is sent out into one of the training territories, where for five weeks he will apply his book knowledge to live people. No standard formulas ever devised could be used word for word by any two salesmen—or even one. These formulas are only outlines of logic—sequences that form a skeleton upon which the salesman must build arguments of flesh and blood. Not two prospective purchasers have the same temperament, so the approach and argument must be adapted to fit conditions. No two salesmen have the same temperament or style either, so each man must make the logic fit himself while he is making it fit his "prospects." The typical training territory used for such field work will be a city district, usually, where the company's trade is not large enough to be hurt by the novice-work of students. In the best districts, of course, only experienced salesmen are sent out; for the beginner might do serious damage in Wall Street by his half-fledged style of presenting arguments. They send him up to a section in Harlem where the chances to spoil big sales are few and where there are also plenty of opportunities to make small sales. And he does make them. Eighty-nine men started in the same selling class in Chicago. Thirty dropped out at various stages, but fifty-nine finished and were assigned to the company's selling agencies. It cost nearly sixteen hundred dollars to train these men, for they were all paid salaries after the first two weeks. But during five weeks in the training territory they sold enough goods to bring the net cost of training down to forty-seven cents per man for the whole course. Classes have been trained in New York for eighty-two cents per man, net cost.

It Looked Like Fight

Turning a Snub Inside Out

IN THE training territory the student learns innumerable things that could never be got out of books. Here is where he acquires the easy manner and good stage presence essential in selling. His first "prospects" may snub, elude or bewilder him. A pawnbroker has one way of looking at his proposition, and a grocer another, and a saloon-keeper another. He learns how different classes of business people think and keep their books, and what are the characteristic points of each business. The first time he is snubbed he may be horribly downcast. But the sixth time he turns that particular sort of a snub with a pleasantry.

All the fundamental difficulties of selling come at the novice pell-mell. If he is a quitter he never gets far enough to see that these difficulties are really as few in number as the mortal diseases, and that each has its

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THE CALL OF THE ROAD

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

ALTHOUGH they have little enough, the Irish at heart are a grateful and devout race, and that was one reason why Michael Dwyer never opened the door of his little hut without offering thanks for the weather.

"Ah, 'tis a grand day, thank God!" he would say if the sun were shining; or if the rain were pouring he would remark:

"Ah, a bit of mist, thank God! That'll be fine for the crops."

Yet another reason why Michael Dwyer loved the weather and the sky was that he had spent most of his life with them, for, until his marriage, he had been the most successful match-maker in the south of Ireland. Up and down and across would he go, from barony to barony, bearing the parents of marriageable girls news of likely young men looking for wives, and to the young men stories of the property and beauty of the girls. At the wedding his fee of a pig or a calf would be given him; but it was not for this reward Michael Dwyer cared. His heart had been in his work for its own sake; but now all that was ended.

Two years since he had made a grand match for himself, who had a scant three acres of land near the Wexford seacoast, by marrying tall, red-haired Aileen Murphy, with her six cows and two calves. The red hair he did not regret, for he liked a woman with a bit of temper of her own, but the cattle he had more than once wished grazing at the bottom of the sea.

"God help us!" he thought indignantly as he leaned across his doorway; "thim six cows have changed into six curses lighting heavy on my heart, they have so."

Though Michael was past forty he had the ruddy face of a boy, with rippling black hair, and wide blue eyes that rippled into twinkles to match the hair. Discontent sat now in his eyes as he thought of the days since his marriage. At first he and Aileen had rented the six cows to neighbors, and had taken the open road together with their tinker's cart and the little ass Jenny, and Michael had pursued his profession. But perhaps Aileen had disliked to hear him praising other girls to their possible suitors; or, what was more likely, all her latent domesticity had blossomed with the possession of a husband. She wanted to sit by her own hearth instead of wayfaring at the house of some acquaintance. She wanted to rent three more acres. She wanted to sell the milk and the butter from her own six cows. She had developed an unsuspected capacity for making and keeping money. Many a time when he had asked her to go for a stroll as far as the ruined church of Bannow, or only the short length of the road to Scar Castle, she had refused. Sorra a foot would she go, with the chance to get a penny more a pound for her butter if she took it and the little ass to market at the Wexford bull-ring.

He sighed impatiently as he thought of the blue yarn stocking half full of shillings and crowns that she had in a hiding-hole over the fireplace. Ah, well; it was his days of peace she had coined there. What an omadhaun he had been to promise not to go match-making without leave.

"Musha, if it was not an *insult*," he muttered, "I'd say she was more like a Scotchwoman nor an Irishwoman."

Aileen, he knew, had taken the cattle down the road to graze them at the expense of the Government, thus saving her own bit of grass. Ah, but the road called him, too! It called like the tune of the Good Little People—that longing to be off down the long lanes of Wexford, past Taghmun, the Flame of God, past the blue hills of Oulard and Sculloughgap to the long, shaded way that leads to Glendalough.

He should have been at work in the garden, and Aileen had propped the hoe against the door of the hut as a reminder. Sighing, he took it up; then, as he saw a figure coming down Wilson's Lane, he paused.

"'Tis the new neighbor, Mogue Sullivan," he said. "'Twould be indacent not to give him the good-day. Well! what at all can be the matther wid him? Has the pig died on him, I dinnaw?"

He Led Saunders to the Ditch

Young Mogue had the figure and lines for liveliness, but now his great length was lax, his broad face was spiritless, and his blue eyes were fixed in an unseeing gaze beyond Michael.

"God save you this good day!" called Michael. "I hope no misfortune has crossed you."

Mogue leaned on the sunken fence and shook his head.

"Some bad luck is betther nor others," said Michael comfortingly. "It might be worse nor the loss of a pig ——"

"What talk is this of pigs?" said Mogue moodily. "'Tis natural enough, though, that you, a man of property, wid six full cows, should have your head running on riches."

"'Tis only that you looked so heart-scorched," said Michael placatingly, "and 'tis little enough store I set by the cows, and that's the truth."

Mogue felt some obscure surge of sympathy, and so he burst brokenly into a confidence.

"Ah, well; I might have seen from Ireland's histhory that no man in her could iver have luck be daring a bit in his own affairs. I am off to the priest's this morning; I am to tell him that 'tis not he need call my banns next Sundah. The thirrd time, too! That iver I saw this day!"

"Man alive! Is she dead?" cried Michael. "Little Oonah Canavan that I saw christhened!"

"Worse! worse!" said Mogue. "Now, I will tell you the truth, Michael Dwyer. As you know, up at Glendalough she lives, where you coorted your own wife, and what you don't know is her father had a bit money dhropped to him this month, and he's looking high for Oonah now. I was the great match last month wid me three acres and the pig, but now I'm not good enough. Well, when ould Canavan turrned me off, down here I came, rented the bit land next you and had the banns published widout even telling Oonah."

"Man alive! But you're the bowld wan!" said Michael admiringly.

"Will ye wait till I tell the full of my tale?" cried Mogue. "You've seen Andrew Saunders, the Scotch clerk of the hotel at Rathdrum? Fifty if he's a day, and he the sly fox! All these years the man's been saving money and dhriving bargains like a—like a Scotchman, and now he's got almost enough money to buy out the owner of the hotel. In two years he expects to get it."

"Ah, sorra on him!" mourned Michael; "ould man Canavan would niver turrn him away."

"Not him. I had a write of hand from Oonah this very morning. This week Andrew Saunders begins his coorting, it being an off-season, and their banns will be called next Sundah."

The young fellow dropped his head on his arms and groaned. Michael was moved by conflicting feelings. His old match-making precepts told him that money should go with money, and his own experience advised him that, if Aileen had been as gearless as himself, their own ways might have gone more smoothly; or, if he had had six cows, he might have been as keen on coin as she was. But when he thought of Aileen's dear hazel eyes and her smile for him when she had the time and heart to smile, then he felt that love and not money ought to make the match.

"Well, there was the Widdy McCarthy you worked for in Macmines," he said irritably; "why wouldn't you have thought of marrying her? She had plenty."

"Did I say she wanted me or I wanted her?" asked Mogue, lifting his face indignantly.

Michael divined that Mogue could have married the widow, but would not say so, and smiled.

"Well, me lad," he said warmly, "now, I'd like to help you, I would that. As you know, I've left the road; I do no more match-making, but I will see what Aileen says. Do you say nothing to the priest. I'll see can I go to Rathdrum and Glendalough and make terms."

Mogue looked at him with dawning hope.

"Maybe you'd be willing to help Aileen wid the garden a bit while I am gone," said Michael in a far-away tone. "She was counting on my work this week."

Mogue seized the hoe eagerly.

"I will that, if she will let you go."

Michael drew himself up.

"It's not a question of her letting me," he said. "I am masther yet, I belave, in me own house."

"Of coourse; I meant you'd be by way of consulting her," said Mogue.

"Well, I will show you where to worrk in the garden," said Michael.

He led the way and made a stroke or two himself with the hoe before he handed it to Mogue. Then he hastened down Wilson's Lane after Aileen and the cows. The call of the road was louder than ever in his ears. What was his hut or a few bit turnips in the garden? What were the cows? What—the Saints forgive him—what even was Aileen to that happy walk with his stick and his dreams past the blue hill of Oulard, and the soft-voiced River Slaney, and Croghan Mountain, and deep Sculloughgap?

The Road Called Him, but Only Faintly

Aileen was sitting on a hummock of grass, knitting swiftly at a blue sock, casting a glance, now and then, at the cows, but never a look at the soft blue hills did she cast. Never a deep taste did she take of the salty air. The sun struck across her red hair, her quick fingers flew with the needles, and there she sat out of tune with the beauty about her, thinking only of money.

Michael hailed her with a smiling forgiveness of the sharp words they had had that morning because he would not get up to work before the sun rose.

"I've the bit news for you," he said. "There's an awful scarcity of butter at the hotel in Rathdrum, and two excursions down from Dublin this week."

She looked at him suspiciously as he seated himself beside her.

"I was thinking you might like a chance to go; I could take care of the cows while you went up," he suggested.

"Yes, and find the butter dhropped a penny when I got there," said Aileen. "I've me safe market at home here. Why aren't you at worrk in the field?"

"I did work a while, and then I left Mogue Sullivan in my place," said Michael. "He's doing it for nothing."

He chewed a spear of grass reflectively, and then told her of the trouble of Oonah Canavan and Mogue Sullivan.

"Ah, well," said Aileen. "'Tis too bad, 'tis so; but sure when neither of thim have anything what's the use at all?"

Michael said nothing.

"If even wan of thim had a little," she allowed.

Michael pressed her hand, and then, relinquishing it, said briefly:

"Well, now, it occurred to me I could make something out of this and do a kindness, too. It would be far more fitting if the Widdy McCarthy and Andrew Saunders married. Then he could buy the hotel at once. She might give me that new churn you are needing, and Andrew would give a calf, maybe. Besides, I could take the little ass and the cart and sell your butter in Rathdrum." His voice trailed into silence under her accusing gaze.

"And who'd do your worrk while you're gone?"

"Young Mogue Sullivan says ——"

"Ah, 'tis little enough love you've left for me!" said Aileen bitterly. "'Tis like pulling teeth to get a stroke of work out of you, and me worrking so harrd over me six cows."

Michael rose angrily: "Thim six cows! 'Tis all I iver have to come home to—not a real wife, only a money machine! No wife nor child; only six cows! If you throw thim cows in my teeth agin I will go," he said, "and I'll niver come back till I've six to match thim, or am dead on a stretcher."

"One's like as the other," she jeered. "Go your ways!"

Michael stared at her in amazement. A sharp word passed between them, now and then, it is true, but never such words as these. He looked down on her steadily.

"There's times I wish I was a cow, and then you'd have your old love for me," he said. "I'll go now. Will you give me a good luck, gurrl?"

She turned her face away from him, and he did not guess that her shoulders were shaking with sobs, for it was not like Aileen to cry.

"Good-by, then," he said, "and a curse on thim cows and the stocking that's come betune us!"

He strode back to his cottage with the feeling that the blue and gold of the day had suddenly grown dim. He presented a calm face to Mogue. Then he packed himself a lunch, found his old blackthorn stick and set off down the Wexford Road.

At first he was sure the day was spoiled for him, but, after a time, a whistle rose to his lips and he swung his stick lightly enough. The young leaves danced in the spring winds, and he was on the road again. The road seemed to race under him, for, here and there, he was given a lift in a wagon, so that it was still afternoon when he reached Macmines and found the small house of the Widow McCarthy. He hesitated, surprised at its dismantled appearance, but she put her head out of the door and welcomed him.

"Come in, Michael Dwyer; God save you!" she called. "There's a chair and a bite and a bed for me friends yet, if I am going to move."

She was a snappy-eyed, hearty woman of his own age, with a ready smile and a quick tongue.

"Well, and the sight of you's good for sore eyes," he said when they were seated over the tea-table; "and why are you moving at all?"

She told him a tale of bad luck and robbery by which she had failed in her farming, and said she had never had a taste for such life anyway, and was going to take what money there was left and keep boarders and lodgers after she had looked about a bit. While she chattered of her affairs a slow, roguish smile rippled back and forth over Michael's face.

"Well," he said gravely when she had finished, "why don't you thry a place in Rathdrum? There's a hotel to be sure, but it's expensive. If you stharted a nice boarding-place with a tea-house attached ——"

She mused: "Well, now, it's not such a bad plan, and Rathdrum not so far from here but I could get a sight of my ould neighbors at times."

"I wish you were a marrying woman," he said.

"Who said I wasn't?" she snapped.

"Well, there's Andrew Saunders, the Scotchman. He's going to buy the hotel out in a year or so. Now, if you were married to him he could buy that hotel at once and soon you'd be the richest woman in Rathdrum. My, but I'd like to see you crowing it over the neighbors all dressed up in black silk of a Sundah, sitting in the best pew!"

She preened herself over the picture.

"Of course, though, it's a dream," he sighed. "I've heard it said that Andrew was thinking of marrying Oonah Canavan. Of course, she's not got your own property or your good looks. You'd not care to cut her out wid Andrew, though they do say she's in love wid a young felly."

"I'd cut no wan out," said Mrs. McCarthy warmly; "but if marrying a man of property would bring two young hearrts together, does it not point me my duty, Michael?"

She was Discreet, So She Asked No Questions

"Sure, it can be looked at that way," agreed Michael, "and you ought to be married for a man's happiness. Do you consent, thin?"

"I do," said the widow piously.

"What comes to me, thin?" asked Michael.

They bargained long, Michael at last winning the promise of the coveted churn and two young hens. Then, after they had clinched the bargain with a fresh brew of tea, Michael obtained from the shrewd Mrs. McCarthy a statement of the property by which he was to sing her charms to Andrew Saunders.

"Musha, woman; I'd no idea you were that rich!" he cried admiringly. "No Scotchman could resist you; though an Irishman," he added, "would be glad to take you for the sake of your own charrms."

"Ah, then," she said dryly, "Andrew Saunders will see thim charrms through a mist of goold."

Next morning Michael set off early with a gay heart. He looked back at Vinegar Hill, sacred to him for its association with his ancestor, Michael Dwyer of '98, and then the road called him; and he whistled and sang as he walked, trailing his stick along the shaded road that led to Sculloughgap. It was high noon when he reached Rathdrum. He knew that Andrew Saunders would offer him a bite and sup but grudgingly, so he ate the lunch with which Mrs. McCarthy had provided him and relinquished the thought of a cup of tea. With an assumption of fine heartiness he strode into the hotel office where Andrew sat.

"Well, and how are you?" he cried. "Man! but you look fine!"

Andrew Saunders was thin and freckled and reddish, with a sharp, suspicious face and reserved voice.

"Have you had dinner?" he asked reluctantly as he let Michael take his limp hand.

"Sure I have; 'tis slow you are. I'll sit by you while you ate yours and then I'll not waste your time, for I know the busy man you are, Andrew."

Saunders led the way to a corner of the empty dining-room and ate sparingly, while Michael talked of crops and friends and the good luck of the world in general. When he had cast a thoroughly optimistic atmosphere about them he said slyly:

"What's this I hear of your marrying wan of these days?"

"I'm thinking on't," admitted Saunders sheepishly.

"Well, who is the big, sthrapping gurrl you'll get? Molly Murphy, belike?"

"It's Oonah Canavan," said Saunders shortly.

Michael emitted a long whistle.

"Ye seem surprised," said Saunders, offended. "Are ye thinking I'm too old for the lass?"

"Musha! No; you're young yet, Andrew; it's just she's such a shmall, delicate gurrl, and with no head for management whatever. But then it's not as if she had to worrk harrd—you'll just keep her boarding; she'll have nothing to do."

Saunders looked at him sharply. "Her father said she was strong," he remarked.

"And why wouldn't he?" asked Michael—"if he had a good chance to marry her off to a well-to-do man like you? Her wid not a tack to her name."

Saunders ruminated. Evidently Michael had not heard of the bit property that had been left to the Canavans.

"I'm delicate-looking myself," said Saunders, "but a hard worker."

"Well, maybe when she's fed up by you, Oonah will do fine," said Michael cheerfully. "For myself, a harrd-worrking, energetic woman isn't to my taste. They are sure to be too saving and pinching."

"I wouldn't call that a fault in a woman," said Saunders.

"No? Well, we look at things different. I've just come from a woman that got me full wore out wid the amount of worrk she done wid my two eyes on her. Begorra, you may meet her; she's thinking of settling here."

"Is she? Would she be wanting to board in the hotel, or would she be taking a place of her own?" asked Saunders with interest.

Michael laughed. "Man alive, if she comes there'll be no hotel here. She'll have all the customers. She's thinking of starting a boarding and tea house. My, but she's the smarrt woman, and that attractive! Let a tourist get his eye on her and he'd have to folly her!"

"There isn't room here for a hotel and boarding-house, too," said Saunders.

"Sure, she counts on that; but maybe she won't come—not if I put through a match for her I'm thinking of. She's a widda well left."

"Well left?" murmured Saunders.

"Sure, she dinned in my ears what she had," Michael said. "My idea was that, if I could match her wid some likely man with money of his own, the two of thim might buy a hotel in Dublin or somewhere. She's a great idea for business, but I mustn't be throubling you wid my tales of the Widda McCarthy. Tell me more about little Oonah Canavan."

The thought of her passed through Saunders' mind, with her shy eyes and soft, misty hair; then he gulped and said:

"What property has Mistress McCarthy got?"

"Musha! Why should I tell you?" said Michael with indignant emphasis. "The list was given to me to present to the man I'm going to make the match wid."

"Have you got him in your mind?" asked Saunders.

"I have that," said Michael.

There was a short pause. Saunders saw again Oonah's little fair face and her thirty pounds dowry, but that was only a tenth part of what he still needed to buy the hotel at once, and the proprietor had that day offered it to him at a decided bargain.

"Just tell me this," he asked huskily, "has the Widow McCarthy as much as three hundred pounds?"

"If I am violating a confidence I hope to be forgiven," said Michael with dignity. "She have."

"Then," said Saunders with a rusty sigh as he relinquished the vision of Oonah, "is this man in your mind a greater match than I am?"

"I would call him the same," said Michael gravely. "But I warn you, Andrew, I want something for myself when I make this match."

"Well, then, you'll do something for auld lang syne," said Andrew. "What has Mistress McCarthy got, lad?"

Then followed a long afternoon of bargaining that Michael Dwyer often said was the hardest work he ever did. They sat in the hotel office, and Andrew whimpered and begged, ever and anon going off to serve a customer, and then coming back with fresh force to the belittling of Michael's fee. It was only when Michael had set off for the fifth time down the road to Glendalough that Andrew ran after him, half-weeping, and said:

"Well, then, here it is in your hand. I have given you my written word to let you have a calf on the wedding day."

Michael scrutinized the paper closely, and then said:

"So it is settled. Do you send a scrape to the widdy yourself to say when you will be down to coort her; and remember, you promised to post a scrape to the Canavan's to-night saying the match wid thim is all off. Good-day to you."

When Andrew was out of sight Michael slapped his knees and laughed with a glad heart for Oonah, and Mogue, and the widow, and even Saunders, for that he had done them all a good turn he had no doubt. He thought with a softened heart of Aileen. She had told him to go his ways, and he had threatened not to come back without six cows; but, sure, a churn and a calf were the next thing to six cows, and Aileen would want him home again, he hoped. He thought of the greed for money that divided them with a special sorrow, for it was upon this shaded road to Glendalough that he had discovered that he loved Aileen. Three miles more and then would appear the hill that opened its heart to send out a gush of fairy water, and here it was that they had clasped hands and said the word that made them each other's. He could see her again as she had looked that day, with the sun on her red hair and her full lips quivering with hurt pride, for he had been slow to the wooing. If poor Aileen could have but known it, they were nearer together at that moment than they had been since the first months of their marriage.

On he walked, up hills and down, with the great trees on each side, about whose trunks climbed ivy with sharply-defined, sparsely-growing leaves, until he came in sight of the ruined church of old Saint Kevin. He stopped for a moment under the great Celtic cross which some say is over Saint Kevin's own bones, and there he said a prayer for Aileen and himself, and then he went around the lower lake till he reached the little whitewashed cottage of the Canavans'. Out the Canavans came to welcome him—old Terence and Mrs. Canavan, slim-waisted Oonah, who always reminded him of an apple-tree in blossom, and half a dozen children. When the parents greeted him with warmth Michael felt like a traitor as he thought of the grand match he had spoiled for them, but when he turned to Oonah and saw how her cheek had paled and how sad her eyes were, he felt that there were few men who would take so much trouble for friends as he had.

The next morning Mrs. Canavan bade poor, pale Oonah put on her Sunday dress, and Michael knew that that meant Andrew Saunders was expected to come courting. When he saw the girl's look he could not resist whispering a word of hope in her ear. She was discreet, so she asked no questions, but she sang a bit at her embroidery, and Mrs. Canavan thanked the saints her child was beginning to see her good luck at last.

They were at the noon meal when half a dozen of the young Canavans came up from the post-office with a letter, an unheard-of event for the household. Michael praised himself, for he knew this must be Saunders' communication. Oonah, as the scholar of the family, read it, first to herself, then, after the children had been put out of the house, to her elders. Mrs. Canavan threw her apron over her head with a wild keen. Old Canavan tramped up and down the kitchen, clenching his fists and swearing. Oonah shrank back in her corner with eyes half-frightened, half-happy. When Mr. and Mrs. Canavan had somewhat exhausted their emotions Michael took a hand.

"What talk is this, Mrs. Canavan? You'd put the curse of Cromwell on any wan'd jilt any wan else, from all I gather. Yet you were making Oonah here jilt Mogue Sullivan."

"That's different," said Mrs. Canavan.

"Troth, there'd be some difficulty showing the differ to Mogue," suggested Michael.

"Oh, wirra!—and the disgrace brought on us when the neighbors hear," mourned Mrs. Canavan. "Not a head of us can we howld up again."

"Now, have conduct, woman," begged Michael. "We'll turrn the tables on Saunders; turrn them we will."

He told them of how Mogue Sullivan had put up the banns of himself and Oonah in the Bannow Parish at Wexford, and when he had paused long enough for their indignant protests to spend themselves, he said:

"Ah, you'd thry the patience of Saint Patrick himself. Don't you see how we can be using this? We'll have Oonah elope."

"What's elope?" asked Mrs. Canavan suspiciously.

"It's quite respectable; it's what the gentry does," said Michael impatiently. "A very fashionable and illigent proceeding, entirely, that poor people don't often have the chance at. Now, I'll tell you; the third reading of the banns'll be to-morra. To-day Oonah'll elope down to my place and Aileen'll take care of her the night, and she and Mogue can be married after mass to-morra."

(Continued on Page 31)

AVENTURE IN THE HIGH C'S

Bobby Burnit Becomes an Angel and has His Wings Scorched

The Singers of Other Languages Did Not Wait to be Informed

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

"You don't need to go away from home to be skinned; moreover, it isn't patriotic."

BOBBY BURNIT had taken great satisfaction in displaying this letter—which, in its unobtrusive gray envelope, had been left in charge of old Johnson for his son by the late John Burnit—to more than one out-of-town competitor for the pleasure of handling his money. He was growing quite sophisticated, was Bobby, quite able to discern the claws beneath the velvet paw, quite suspicious of all the experts who wanted to make a fortune for him; and their frantic attempts to "get his goat," as Biff Bates expressed it, had become very amusing to this wise young person. He was just congratulating himself upon his advancing acumen, when there suddenly erupted into the outer office, where Johnson and Applerod had charge of the books and papers which told of Bobby's three successive failures as a financier, a pandemonium of gabbling.

"The Herr Professor," said Bobby, rising with a peculiar smile, and in a moment more there bounded into his room a rotund little German with enormous and extremely thick glasses upon his knob of a nose, a grizzled mustache that poked straight up on both sides of that knob, and an absurd toupee that flared straight out all around on top of the bald spot to which it was pasted. Behind him trailed a pudgy man of so exactly the Herr Professor's height and build that it seemed as if they were cast in the same spherical mould, but he was much younger and had jet black hair and a jet black mustache of such tiny proportions as to excite amazement and even awe. Still behind him was a tremendous grenadier of a woman, fully a head and a half taller than either of the two men, and ponderous in every dimension. She also had jet black hair, and was dressed in a very rich robe and wrap, both of which were somewhat soiled and worn.

"Signor R-r-r-r-icardo, der grosse tenore—Mees-ter Burnit," introduced the Herr Professor, with a deep bow commensurate with the greatness of the great tenor. "Signorina Car-r-r-r-avaggio—Mees-ter Burnit. I, Mees-ter Burnit, *Ich bin* Brofessor Frühlingsvogel."

Bobby, for lack of any other handy greeting, merely bowed and smiled, whereupon Signorina Caravaggio, stepping into a breach which otherwise would certainly have been embarrassing, seated herself comfortably upon the edge of Bobby's desk and swung one ponderous foot while she explained matters.

"It's like this, Mr. Burnit," she confidently began: "when that dried-up little heathen, Matteo, who tried to run the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company with stage money, got us this far on a tour that is a disgrace to the profession, he had a sudden notion that he needed ocean air; so he took what few little dollars were in the treasury and hopped right on into New York. Here we are, then, two hundred miles from our next booking and without enough among us to buy a postage stamp. We haven't seen a cent of salaries for six weeks, and the only thing we can do is to seize the props and scenery and costumes, see if they can be sold, and disband, unless somebody gallops to the rescue in a hurry. Professor Frühlingsvogel happened to know another Dutchman here who conducts an orchestra at the Orpheum, and he sent us to you. He said you knew all the swell set and could start a benefit going if anybody could."

"Yes," said Bobby, smiling; "Schmirdonner telephoned me just a few minutes ago that the Herr Professor

Frühlingsvogel would be up to see me, and asked me to do what I could. How many of you are there?"

"Seventy-three," promptly returned Signorina Caravaggio, "and all hungry. Forty singers and an orchestra of thirty—seventy—besides props and the stage manager and Herr Frühlingsvogel, who is the musical director."

"Where are you stopping?" asked Bobby, aghast at the size of the contract that was offered him.

"We're not," laughed the great Italian songstress. "We all went up and registered at a fourth-rate place they call the Hotel Larken, but that's as far as we got, for we were told before the ink was dry that we'd have to come across before we got a single biscuit; so there they are, scattered about the S. R. O. parts of that little two-by-twice hotel, waiting for little me to trot out and find an angel. Are you it?"

"I can't really promise what I can do," hesitated Bobby, who had never been able to refuse assistance where it seemed to be needed; "but I'll run down to the club and see some of the boys about getting up a subscription concert for you. How much help will you need?"

"Enough to land us on little old Manhattan Island."

"And there are over seventy of you to feed and take care of for, say, three days, and then to pay railroad fares for," mused Bobby, a little startled as the magnitude of the demand began to dawn upon him. "Then there's the music hall, advertising, printing and I suppose a score of other incidentals. You need quite a pile of money. However, I'll go down to the club at lunchtime and see what I can do."

"I knew you would the minute I looked at you," said the Signorina confidently, which was a compliment or not, the way one looked at it. "But, say; I've got a better scheme than that, one that will let you make a little money instead of contributing. I understand the Orpheum has next week dark, through yesterday's failure of The Married Bachelor Comedy Company. Why don't you get the Orpheum for us and back our show for the week? We have twelve operas in our repertoire. The scenery and props are very poor, the costumes are only half-way decent and the chorus is the rattiest-looking lot you ever saw in your life; but they can sing. They went into the discard on account of their faces, poor things. Suppose you come over and have a look. They'd melt you to tears."

"That won't be necessary," hastily objected Bobby; "but I'll meet a lot of the fellows at lunch, and afterward I'll let you know."

"After lunch!" exclaimed the Signorina with a most expressive placing of her hands over her belt, whereat both the Herr Professor and Der Grosse Tenore both turned most wistfully to Bobby to see what effect this weighty plea might have upon him. "Lunch!" she repeated. "If you would carry a bowl of steaming spaghetti into the Hotel Larken at this minute you'd start a riot. Why, Mr. Burnit, if you're going to do anything for us you've got to get into action, because we've been up since seven and we still want our breakfasts."

"Breakfast!" exclaimed Bobby, looking hastily at his watch. It was now 11:30. "Come on; we'll go right over to the Larken, wherever that may be," and he exhibited as much sudden haste as if he had seen seventy people actually starving before his very eyes.

Just as the quartette stepped out of the elevator, a short, square-shouldered young man bustled up to Bobby with:

"Can I see you just a minute, Bobby? Kid Jeffreys is coming around to my place this afternoon, and I'm figuring on getting up an exhibition night in a couple of weeks."

"Haven't time just now, Biff," said Bobby, who was an equal partner with Biff in the Bates Athletic Hall; "but jump into the machine with us and I'll do the 'chauffing.' That will make room for all of us. We can talk on the way to the Hotel Larken. Do you know where it is?"

"Me?" said Biff. "If there is an inch of this old town I can't put my finger on in the dark, blindfolded, I'll have it dug out and thrown away."

At the curb, with keen enjoyment of the joke of it all, Bobby gravely introduced Mr. Biff Bates, ex-champion middle-weight, to these imported artists, but, very much to his surprise, Signorina Caravaggio and Professor Bates struck up an instant and animated conversation anent Biff's well-known and justly-famous victory over Spider Young, and so interested did they become in this conversation that instead of Biff's sitting up in the front seat, as Bobby had intended, he manœuvred the Herr Professor into that post of honor and climbed into the tonneau with Signor Ricardo and the Signorina, with whom he talked most volubly all the way over, to the evidently vast annoyance of Der Grosse Tenore.

II

THE confusion of tongues must have been a very tame and quiet affair as compared to the polyglot chattering which burst upon Bobby's ears when he entered the small lobby of the Hotel Larken. The male members of the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company, almost to a man, were smoking cigarettes. There were swarthy little men and swarthy big men, there seeming to be no medium sizes among them, while the women were the most wooden-featured lot that Bobby had ever encountered, and the entire crowd was swathed in gay but dingy clothing of the most nondescript nature. Really, had Bobby not been assured that they were grand opera singers he would have taken them for a lot of immigrants, for they had that same unhappy expression of worry. The principals could be told from the chorus and the members of the orchestra from the fact that they stood aloof from the rest and from one another, gloomily nursing their grievances that they, each one the most illustrious member of the company, should thus be put to inconvenience! It was a monstrous thing that they, the possessors of glorious voices which the entire world should at once fall down and worship, should be actually hungry and out of money! It was, oh, unbelievable, atrocious, barbarous, positively inhuman!

"Waiting for Little Me to Trot Out and Find an Angel. Are You It?"

With the entrance of the Signorina Caravaggio, bearing triumphantly with her the neatly-dressed and altogether money-like Bobby Burnit, one hundred and forty wistful eyes, mostly black and dark brown, were immediately focused in eager interest upon the possible savior. Behind the desk, perplexed and distracted but still grimly firm, stood frowzy Widow Larken herself, drawn and held to the post of duty by this vast and unusual emergency. Not one room had Madam Larken saved for all these alien warblers, not one morsel of food had she loosed from her capacious kitchen; and yet not one member of the company had she permitted to stray outside her doors while Signorina Caravaggio and Signor Ricardo and the Herr Professor Frühlingsvogel had gone out to secure an angel, two stout porters being kept at the front door to turn back the restless. If provision could be made to pay the bills of this caravan the Widow Larken, who was shaped like a pillow with a string tied around it and wore a face like a huge, underdone apple dumpling, was too good a business woman to overlook that opportunity. Bobby took one sweeping glance at that advancing circle of one hundred and forty eyes and turned to Widow Larken.

"I will be responsible for the hotel bills of these people until further notice," said he.

The Widow Larken, looking intently at Bobby's scarf-pin, relented no whit in her uncompromising attitude.

"And who might you be?" she demanded, with a calm brow and cold determination.

"I am Robert J. Burnit," said Bobby. "I'll give you a written order if you like—or a check."

The Widow Larken's uncompromising expression instantly melted, but she did not smile—she grinned. Bobby knew precisely the cause of that amused expression, but, if he had needed an interpreter, he had one at his elbow in the person of Biff Bates, who looked up at him with a reflection of the same grin.

"They're all next to you, Bobby," he observed. "The whole town knows that you're the village goat."

The Widow Larken did not answer Bobby directly. She called back to a blue-overall-clad porter at the end of the lobby:

"Open the dining-room doors, Michael."

Signorina Caravaggio immediately said a few guttural words in German to Professor Frühlingsvogel, a few limpid words in Italian to Signor Ricardo, a few crisp words in French to Madame Villenauve, a nervous but rather attractive little woman with piercing black eyes. The singers of other languages did not wait to be informed, they joined the general stampede toward the ravishing paradise of midday breakfast, and as the last of them vacated the lobby, the principals no whit behind the humble members of the chorus in crowding and jamming through that doorway, Bobby breathed a sigh of relief. Only the Signorina was left to him, and Bobby hesitated just a moment as it occurred to him that, perhaps, a more personal entertainment was expected by this eminent songstress. Biff Bates, however, relieved him of his dilemma.

"While you've gone down to see the boys at the Idlers' Club," said Biff, "I'm going to take Miss Carry—Miss—Miss ——"

"Caravaggio," interrupted the Signorina with a repetition of a laugh which had convinced Bobby that, after all, she might be a singer, though her speaking voice gave no trace of it.

"Carrie for mine," insisted Biff with a confident grin. "I'm going to take Miss Carrie out to lunch some place where they don't serve prunes. I guess the Hotel Spender will do for us."

Bobby surveyed Biff with an indulgent smile.

"Thanks," said he. "That will give me time to see what I can do."

"You take my advice, Mr. Burnit," earnestly interposed the Signorina. "Don't bother with your friends. Go and see the manager of the Orpheum and ask him about that open date. Ask him if he thinks it wouldn't be a good investment for you to back us."

Biff, the conservative; Biff, whose vote was invariably for the negative on any proposition involving an investment of Bobby's funds, unexpectedly added his weight for the affirmative.

"It's a good stunt, Bobby. Go to it," he counseled, and the Caravaggio smiled down at him.

Again Bobby laughed.

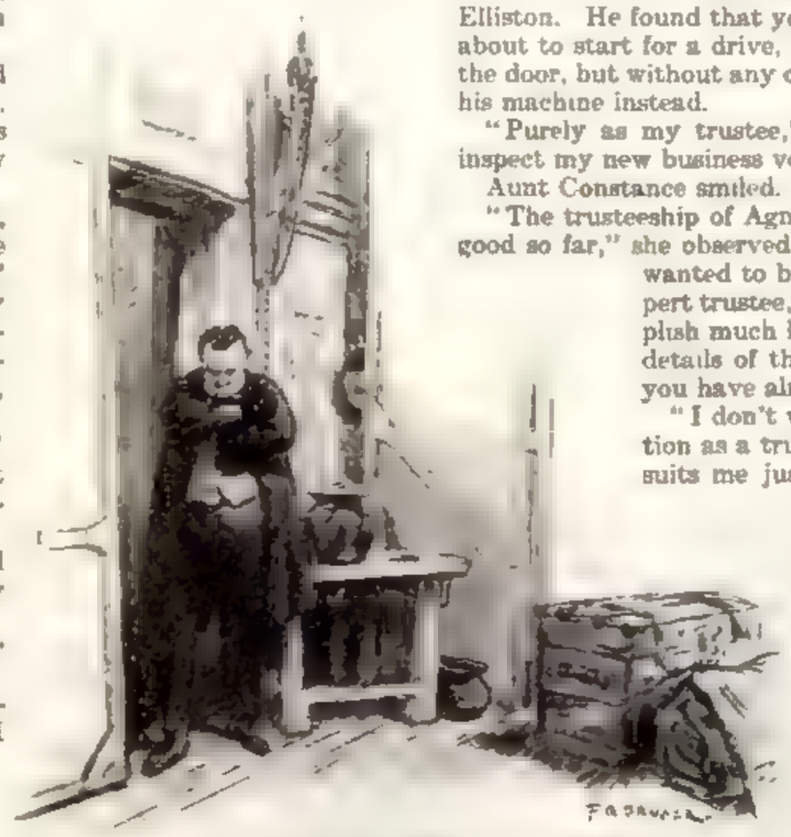
"All right, Biff," said he. "I'll hunt up the manager of the Orpheum right away."

In his machine he conveyed Biff and the prima donna to the Hotel Spender, and then drove to the Orpheum.

III

THE manager of the Orpheum was a strange evolution. He was a man who had spent a lifetime in the show business, running first a concert hall that "broke into the papers" every Sunday morning with an account of from two to seven fights the night before, then an equally disreputable "burlesque" house, the broad attractions of which appealed to men and boys only. To this, as he made money, he added the cheapest and most blood-curdling melodrama theatre in town, then a "regular" house of the second grade. In his career he had endured two divorce cases of the most unattractive sort, and, among quiet and conventional citizens, was supposed to have horns and a barbed tail that snapped sparks where

it struck on the pavement. When he first purchased the Orpheum Theatre, the most exclusive playhouse of the city, he began to appear in its lobby every night in a dinner coat or a dress suit, silk topper and all, with an almost modest diamond stud in his white shirt-front; and ladies, as they came in, asked in awed whispers of their husbands: "Is *that* Dan Spratt?" Some few who had occasion to meet him went away gasping: "Why, the man is really nice!" Others, of "the profession," about whom the public never knew, spoke his name with tears of gratitude.



He was Already Taking upon Himself the Deadly Character of Don José

Mr. Spratt, immersed in troubles of his own, scarcely looked up as Bobby entered, and only grunted in greeting.

"Spratt," said Bobby, who knew the man quite well through "sporting" events engineered by Biff Bates, "the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company is stranded here, and ——"

"Where are they?" interrupted Spratt eagerly, all his abstraction gone.

"At the Hotel Larken," began Bobby again, "I ——"

"Have they got their props and scenery?"

"Everything, I understand," said Bobby. "I came around to see you ——"

"Who's running the show?" demanded Spratt.

"Their manager decamped with the money—with what little there was," explained Bobby, "and they came to me by some accident or other. I understand you have an open date next week."

"It's not open now," declared Spratt. "The date is filled with the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company."

"There doesn't seem to be much use of my talking, then," said Bobby, smiling.

"Not much," said Spratt. "They're a good company, but I've noticed from the reports that they've been badly managed. The Dago that brought them over didn't know the show business in this country and tried to run the circus himself; and, of course, they've gone on the rocks. It's great luck that they landed here. I suppose they're flat broke."

"Why, yes," said Bobby. "I just went up to the Hotel Larken and said I'd be responsible for their hotel bill."

"Oh," said Spratt. "Then you're backing them for their week here."

"Well, I don't know about that," hesitated Bobby.

"If you don't I will," offered Spratt. "There's a long line of full-dress Willies here that'll draw their week's wages in advance to attend grand opera in cabs. At two and a half for the first twenty rows they'll pack the house for the week, and every diamond in the hock-shops will get an airing for the occasion. But you saw it first, Burnit, and I won't interfere."

"Well, I don't know," Bobby again hesitated. "I haven't fully ——"

"Go ahead," urged Spratt heartily. "It's your pick-up and I'll get mine. Hey, Spencer!"

A thin young man, with hair so light that he seemed to have no hair at all and no eyebrows, came in.

"We've booked the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company for next week. Have they got Caravaggio and Ricardo with them?" he asked, turning abruptly to Bobby.

Bobby, with a smile, nodded his head.

"All right, Spence; get busy on some press stuff for the afternoon papers. You can fake notices about them from what you know. Buy two-inch streamers clear across the pages, then you can get some fresh stuff and the repertoire to-night for the morning papers. Play it up strong, Spence. Use plenty of space; and, say, tell Billy to get ready for a three-o'clock rehearsal. Now, Burnit, let's go up to the Larken and make arrangements."

"We might just as well wait an hour," counseled Bobby. "The only one I found in the crowd who could speak English was Signorina Caravaggio."

"I know her," said Spratt. "Her other name's Nora McGinnis. Smart woman, too, and straight as a string; and sing! Why, that big ox can sing a bird off a tree."

"She's just gone over to lunch with Biff Bates at the Spender," observed Bobby, "and we'd better wait for her. She seems to be the leading spirit."

"Of course she is. Let's go right over to the Spender."

Biff Bates did not seem overly pleased when his tête-à-tête luncheon was interrupted by Bobby and Mr. Spratt, but the Signorina Nora very quickly made it apparent that business was business. Arrangements were promptly made to attach the carload of effects for back salaries due the company, and to lease these to Bobby for the week for a nominal sum. Bobby was to pay the regular schedule of salaries for that week and make what profit he could. A rehearsal of Carmen was to be called that afternoon at three, and a repertoire was arranged.

Feeling very much exhilarated after all this, Bobby drove out in his automobile after lunch to see Agnes Elliston. He found that young lady and Aunt Constance about to start for a drive, their carriage being already at the door, but without any ceremony he bundled them into his machine instead.

"Purely as my trustee," he explained, "Agnes must inspect my new business venture."

Aunt Constance smiled.

"The trusteeship of Agnes hasn't done you very much good so far," she observed. "As a matter of fact, if she wanted to build up a reputation as an expert trustee, I don't think she could accomplish much by printing in her circulars the details of the three nice little fortunes that you have already lost."

"I don't want her to work up a reputation as a trustee," retorted Bobby. "She suits me just as she is, and I'm inclined to thank the governor for having loaded her down with the job."

"I'm becoming reconciled to it myself," admitted Agnes, smiling up at him. "Really, I have great faith that one day you will learn how to take care of money—if the money holds out that long. What is venture number four, Bobby?"

He grinned quite cheerfully.

"I am about to become an angel," he said solemnly.

Aunt Constance shook her head.

"No, Bobby," she said, quite kindly; "there *are* spots, you know, where angels fear to tread."

But Agnes took the declaration with no levity whatever.

"You don't mean in a theatrical sense?" she inquired.

"*In* a theatrical sense," he insisted. "I am about to back the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company."

"Why, Bobby!" objected Agnes, aghast. "You surely don't mean it! I never thought you would contemplate anything so preposterous as that."

"It's only a temporary arrangement," he reassured her, laughing that he had been taken so seriously. "I'm arranging so that they can earn their way out of town; that's all. I am taking you down now to see their first rehearsal."

"I don't care to go," she declared, in a tone so piqued that Bobby turned to her in surprise.

Aunt Constance laughed at his look of utter perplexity.

"How little you understand, Bobby," she said. "Don't you see that Agnes is merely jealous?"

"Indeed not!" Agnes indignantly denied. "That is an idea more absurd than the fact that Bobby should go into such an enterprise at all. However, since I lay myself open to such a suspicion I shall offer no further objection to going."

Bobby looked at her curiously and then he carefully refrained from chuckling, for Aunt Constance, though joking, had told the truth. Instant visions of dazzling sopranos, of mezzos and contraltos of angelic voices and of vast beauty and exquisite gowning, had flashed in appalling procession before her mental vision. The idea, in the face of the appalling actuality, was so rich that Bobby pursued it no further lest he spoil it, and talked about the weather and equally mane topics the rest of the way.

IV

IT WAS not until Bobby had turned into the narrow alley at the side of the Orpheum, and from that to the still more narrow alley at its rear, that the zest of adventure began to make amends to Agnes for certain disagreeable moments of the ride. At the stage door a particularly bewildered-looking man with a rolling eye and a weak jaw, rendered limp and helpless by the aliens who had flocked upon him, strickenly let them in, to grope their way, amid what seemed an inextricable confusion, but was in reality the perfection of orderliness, upon the dim stage, beyond which stretched, in vast emptiness, the big, black auditorium. Upon the stage, chattering in shrill voices, were the forty members of the company, still in their queer clothing, while down in front, with the shaded lights streaming upon the music, but seeming dull and discouraged amid all the surrounding darkness, were the members of the orchestra, chattering just as volubly. The general note was quite different in pitch from the one Bobby had heard that morning, for since he had seen them the members of the organization had been fed and life looked cheerful.

Wandering at a loss among these people, and trying in the dim twilight to find some face that he knew, the ears of Bobby and his party were suddenly assailed by an extremely harsh and penetrating voice which shouted.

"Clear!"

This was accompanied by a sharp clap from a pair of very broad hands. The chattering suddenly took on a rapid crescendo, ascending a full third in the scale and then dying abruptly in a little high falsetto shriek; and Bobby, with a lady upon either arm, found his little trio alone in the centre of the stage, a row of dim footlights cutting off effectually any view into the vast emptiness of the auditorium.

"Hey, you; *clear!*" came the harsh voice again, accompanied by another sharp clap of the hands, and a bundle of intense fighting energy bounced out from the right tormentor wing, in the shape of a gaunt, fiercely-mustached and entirely bald man of about forty-five, who appeared perpetually to be in the last stages of distraction.

"Who do you want to see?" demanded the gaunt man, with a very evident attempt to be quite polite indeed, and forgiving of people who did not know enough to spring for the wings at the sound of that magic word.

Any explanations that Bobby might have tried to make were happily prevented by a voice from the yawning blackness—a quiet voice, a voice of authority, the voice of Mr. Spratt.

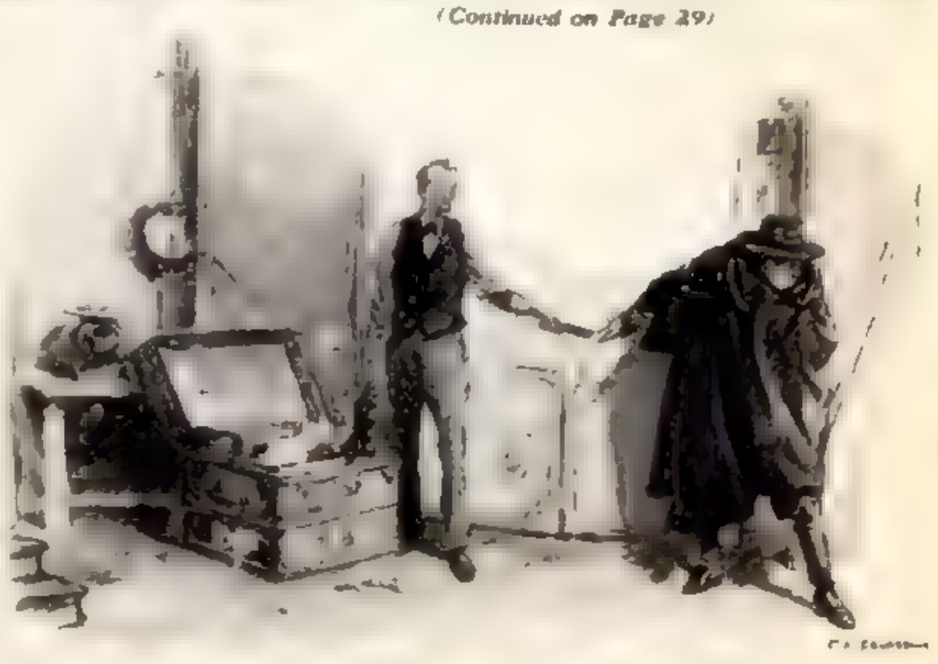
"Come right down in front here, Burnit. Jimmy, show the gentleman how to get down."

"This way," snapped the gaunt man, with evident relief but no abatement whatever of his briskness, and he very hastily walked over to the right wings, where Jimmy, the house electrician, piloted the trio with equal relief through the clustered mass of singers to the door behind the boxes. As they emerged into the auditorium the raucous voice of the gaunt man was heard to shout: "All ready now. Carmen straight through." An apparent repetition of which statement he immediately repeated with equal raucousness in two or three languages. There was a call to Caravaggio in English, to Ricardo and the Signors Fivizzano and Rivaroli in Italian, to Messrs. Philippi and Schaerbeeken in Spanish and Dutch, to Madam Villenauve in French, to Madam Kadanoff in Russian, and to Mademoiselle Török in Hungarian, to know if they were ready; then, in rough but effective German, he informed the Herr Professor down in the orchestra that all was prepared, clapped his hands, cried "Overture," and immediately plunged to the right upper entrance, marked by two chairs, where, with shrill objurgations, he began instructing and drilling the Soldiers' Chorus out of certain remembered awkwardnesses as Herr Frühlingsvogel's baton fell for the overture.

Shorn of all the glamor that scenic environment, light effects and costume could give them, it was a distinct shock to Agnes to gaze in wondering horror from each one of those amazing faces to the other, and when the cigarette girls trooped out, amazement gave way to downright consternation. Nevertheless, she cheered up considerably, and the apex of her cheerfulness was reached when the elephantine Signorina Caravaggio sang, very musically, however, the rôle of the petite and piquant Carmen. It was then that, sitting by Bobby in the darkness, Agnes observed with a sigh of content:

"Your trustee quite approves, Bobby. I don't mind being absolutely truthful for once in my life. I *was* a little

(Continued on Page 29)



The Long, Sharp, Wicked-Looking, Bloodthirsty Knife

A MIRACLE IN WHEAT

A Sample of Alaska Wheat (the Large Kernels), Compared with No. 1 Secured from Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce Sample

New Riches from Alaska for the Farmer

By OSCAR F. G. DAY

WHEN the United States paid eighty millions for the Territory of Alaska, it was to the fur the purchasers looked for a return on the investment. When gold began to pour in from that great country the investment was pronounced good. But not in gold alone was Alaska destined to repay those early statesmen for their real-estate speculation. Years after the yellow metal was discovered, there came an aged farmer to that far northland, and took back to the States the basis for wealth to his country by the side of which the gold from the hills and icy river-beds should pale into insignificance.

It was in 1903 that Abraham Adams, a native of Kentucky, who had gone with the "star of Empire" to the great West to farm it, was taken with a desire to try his fortunes in Alaska. Leaving his ranch in northern Idaho, he made a trip to the land of promise and of gold, but nothing came of his attempts at discovery. Turning his attention then to exploring, he drifted along the coast of eastern Alaska, where the Japan current flows near the shore and makes of the land from coast to mountain eternal spring. Many miles he explored, investigating the possibilities of that country for future farming and grazing, preparing himself for a report to the farmers of his community.

He found many beautiful bays, splendid beaches, sweeps of timber, and meadows heavy with juicy grasses. Here and there were traces of gold, but not of promising quantity, and then he chanced upon a surprising discovery. Lodged in a nook under protecting rock, sheltered from the winds, was a little familiar patch. Interested at once, he investigated and found that here a patch of wheat was growing, far from any living human that could have planted it. On hands and knees he pulled away the matted straws. Yes, it was certainly wheat that was just ripening. The explorer sought among the thick stems for some heads, but the wild game had been before him, and he was just about to give up when he discovered one head of wheat almost intact. A gigantic head it was! Fully four inches long with its rough bearding, and broad in proportion.

Packing the head carefully away, the old man brought it back with him to his ranch at Juliaetta, Idaho. Not a word did he say to his neighbors of his find. Whether it was wild wheat or not he could not say. Perhaps, some wild bird had filled its crop with the grains in an unknown region, where it grew native, and coming to Alaska deposited the seed in a fertile spot. And yet it was only curiosity that moved Abraham Adams. He never dreamed of his find being of any value except as an experiment for his own pleasure.

In the fall of 1904 Mr. Adams planted his head of Alaska wheat on high and all-too-dry land – the natural soil of Idaho. It grew rapidly when the spring opened its founts, and in the summer he had seven pounds of wheat from this one head. That was startling. He hardly dared tell a farmer of it. He examined the kernels. Four times as large as ordinary wheat, and in color—instead of the homely brownish-gray of wheat of commerce—the prettiest cream color without a darker spot. Seven pounds of wheat from one head, and the finest-looking wheat mortal had ever seen! Abraham Adams began to dream.

Having tested the grains as winter wheat, Mr. Adams saved his seven pounds to try as spring wheat, and in 1906 he planted the whole seven pounds. Sturdily it grew, and when it was harvested he weighed in 1545 pounds. His Alaska find had broken the world's record for wheat yield! More than two hundred and twenty-two bushels to the acre was the ratio of yield, and that without any special petting or manipulation. With the world's average yield 12.7 bushels to the acre, and a fair yield for exceptional land of twenty bushels, here was the prospect of a miracle, a revolution in the wheat industry of the world. But still there was something that might dash every hope of a wheat miracle. Was this Alaska wheat of good quality? Would it make good bread?

With this last idea in mind the experimenting farmer carried a small quantity of his wheat to the Idaho experimental station at Moscow. He knew he had a wheat that yielded past any belief. He had something marvelous in a wheat that yielded equally as well planted winter or spring. Did he have a good wheat? The chemists and experts at the station tested it and pronounced it a good quality of hard wheat. Hard wheat! That was sufficient. But Adams knew he must have patience for another year.

In the fall of 1906 the 1545 pounds were planted in fields by the side of the famous Blue Stem and Club wheat grown in that section. Watching their comparative growth, Mr. Adams picked on the same day green heads of Club wheat and green heads of his Alaska wheat, the latter so many times larger than the ordinary wheat that the Club wheat seemed hardly started. The farmer was jubilant. Then Nature took a hand, and hailstorms of the worst kind came, beating down the ordinary wheat until it was not fit to harvest. The farmer, discouraged, went out to his Alaska wheat-fields and saw that the sturdy stems had partly withstood the storms, and he finally harvested 53,000 pounds of seed.

Now was the time to make his final test. He had enough for a test from winter-grown. Taking this to the experimental station, he soon received a report which made him for the first time sure that he had something worth giving to the public. The station chemist wrote:

"The kernels from the fall-sown wheat were plump and sound and doubtless will grade No. 1. Judging from the chemical and physical condition of this sample, it will probably take rank with the best grade of Blue Stem for flour.

"The sample grown from spring-sown wheat showed by chemical analysis a somewhat higher protein content (this being an indication of its probable strength for bread-making purposes). I am inclined to think that the wheat that you have here is the equal, if not the superior, of our Blue Stem for flour-making purposes. I should like to make a mill test whenever you can send me a sufficient quantity for that purpose."

Result of a Comparative Test. Alaska Wheat and the Famous Club Wheat, Planted the Same Day in Adjoining Fields, and Samples Taken the Same Hour

These are the facts about the wonderful wheat of which the world will soon be talking. Farmers do not believe it; wheat speculators do not believe it; but those who have traveled to see it do believe it. Mr. Adams had his fields surveyed and has absolute proof of the yield from each field. He has tried his wheat in other lands, and in some places it did better than in Idaho. Alabama raised wheat from it with leaves seven-eighths of an inch broad, growing like cornstalks.

As a last test, Mr. Adams sent single heads of wheat to other parts of the country where he had men he could trust to plant and ascertain the result. Reports are just coming to him, and he finds that in other States his Alaska wheat does better than on its home soil. In Alabama a head was planted December 31, was up January 30, waist-high April 1, with leaves seven-eighths of an inch broad, and July 7 was harvested. It showed to be hard wheat of a fine quality, and the one head yielded the same as the first head planted in Idaho.

Under ordinary soil conditions the new wheat will yield two hundred bushels to the acre, under extra conditions above that.

What will be the outcome? Had all America had Alaska wheat to seed this year, the American crop alone would have been five billions of bushels. Does that not mean a revolution in the wheat industry? Will the food of the poor become so cheap that there will be no famines? Or will farm property rise in value with the capacity for the yield? All this is conjecture, but these things are certain:

The wheat Alaska has given us will withstand hail if not too heavy.

It will withstand frost.

It grows hard wheat from fall sowing.

It yields up to 222 bushels to the acre.

It will grade up to No. 1 hard.

It will turn the vast areas in Missouri and the South and in the far West into hard-wheat areas.

And, last and best of all, it will bring back wheat-raising to the worn-out farms of the East where, with wheat-yields two hundred bushels to the acre, farmers can afford to use manures and chemicals, and make a profit.

If all America could seed with the new wheat it would, at only fifty cents a bushel, add nearly two and a half billions of dollars to the wealth of the farmers every year.

Ripened Head of Alaska Wheat Just Harvested in Alabama—Actual Size. Weight 2 3-16 Ounces

BIG KELLY

By Alfred Henry Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"The Mob Simply Ganged 'Em to a Fare-You-Well"

Some Observations on Sheath Gowns and Merry Widows

SAY, Timmy," remarked Big Kelly, speaking across table from his chair of state, "th' fashions this summer're gettin' something fierce. Did you read about them two dames showin' up at Coney Island in sheath gowns? Coarse work that—very coarse!

"It goes to prove how some folks ain't more'n half baked. Why does a woman go to the front in such togs? First, because it's the fashion; second, because she's stuck on herself—mostly the second. It's an easy way of gettin' th' spot-light, an' attractin' th' eye of th' bleachers. Let anything get advertised, especially if it's like this sheath gown stunt an' has got everything respectable backed plumb off th' board, an' there's oodles of crazy women on earth who'll fall for it. 'Th' coarser th' merrier!' says they. Paris can't hand it out too raw. Only so it's new an' calculated to stir things up, they're Johnnie-at-th'-rat-hole every time!

"Women certainly do like to be in th' picture—in th' performance. If they can't get in through th' gate they'll rip a board off th' fence. Don't you remember when bicycles is new, an' lots of women don't know whether they'll tackle 'em or not, how a bevy of iron-bound fairies promptly comes wheelin' to th' front? You'll see th' same ones every now an' then chasin' a dog along th' street. I've met a procession, more'n once, made up of a dog that'd weigh in heavy at say seven pounds, hooked up by a chain to some severe angel, with a face th' same as if it's carved out of a hickory nut. She'd be carryin' th' kind of whip that goes with a truck, too. You'd think, from th' size of th' whip, that she's presidin' over th' rambles of a Great Dane. One clout of that cart whip would've cut her poor little kyoodle in two, at that.

"No end of women do these things. It attracts attention; an' attractin' attention is their notion of bein' great. Which shows they don't know th' difference between bein' famous an' bein' notorious."

"Well, phwat is th' difference?" demanded old Timmy suspiciously.

"What's th' difference between fame an' notoriety? It's th' difference between havin' your picture took at th' joint of a respectable photographer's an' bein' mugged by th' coppers in Mulberry Street. Goin' back to sheath gowns, however, while gen'rally speakin' I string my game with th' ladies in matters of fashion, when they spring a make-up like this sheath gown, that hasn't got enough cloth in it to flag a handcar, an' leaves 'em lookin' like a lot of eels, I pack in. Sheath gowns is where I get off.

"Of course, th' pair who shakes up Coney has an ace buried. They're merely a brace of roof-gardeners, framin' up a play to win out a little ink. Still, at that, they figgered they'd make a hit. Did they? Well, if becomin' th' reason why th' bull on post rung in a riot call, an' brought th' reserves at th' Coney Island Police Station tumblin' to th' scene, is your idee of a hit, you'd be safe in callin' them two actresses th' big scream with a screech thrown in. They started in to be a hit, but got th' hoot. Th' mob got busy, an' simply ganged 'em to a fare-you-well. Hurt 'em? No; what should they get hurted for? Th' mob was merely kiddin'. Just th' same, you take it from me, that sheath gown thing won't do."

"An' that goes f'r Merry Widdy hats, too," said old Timmy, as Big Kelly turned to confer on a question of refreshments with Doloran. "On'y yisterday, Hogan's little daughter, Mary Ellen, rounds a corner on me, an' bang! she ketches me in th' lamp wit' th' edge av her Merry Widdy, an', on th' livil! I thought it was the front view of a crosscut saw. She came near blindin' me f'r loife. As I ducks f'r a getaway, a rooshter's tail that's sproutin' out av th' roof puts me other lamp on th' blink. I couldn't have seen a shell av beer, not even if some other guy was payin' for it. I'll put you wise, Kell—you an' your sheath gowns—that th' real minace is 'Merry Widdys.'"

"I thought them lids was called in," observed Big Kelly.

"If they was they got bailed out ag'in, then. Th' wan Hogan's little gir-r-rl had on was half as big as Belmont Park. You could've raced a field av two-year olds on th' brim."

"Well," observed Big Kelly resignedly, "it's fashion does it. Bein' th' fashion, I suppose we've got to stand for it or get off th' earth. Besides, th' fact that I don't warm to a thing don't settle nothing. I wouldn't bet a splinter on my judgment, especially when it comes to fashions. I'm too old style. There's no end of things that, judgin' from their pop'larity, must be O. K., which makes me back up. Now, I never liked to see women go in swimmin' in them short skirts. Likewise, if they must go swimmin', why not go swimmin' by themselves? There's no need of mother an' th' girls to go splashin' about in th' ocean an' in th' public eye at one an' th' same time.

One of Them "Merry Widdys"

"I remember, too, what a scare was thrown into me when I makes my social debut. It's th' evenin' of that big reception at th' Democratic Club. I'd been put up ag'inst some pretty startlin' propositions durin' my wild career, but, if ever I'm faded, it's when, for th' first time, I sees a full-blown dame in evenin' dress. On th' dead, I felt like yellin' 'Police!'"

"Phwat was it scared yez, Kell?"

"It wasn't that I was so much scared as rattled. There's too much free-board to evenin' dress. I like to see folks sit low an' snug in their clothes, like a battleship in th' water. Still, I only mention it to show how old-fashioned an' wrong about things I be.

"Not but what I'm goin' to live an' die in my errors. A wrong guy has his uses. It's necessary for half th' world to be wrong to trim ship. If we was all of us right we'd all go to one side—th' right side—an' tip th' boat over. So, since I was born into th' larboard watch, there I'm due to stick an' never shift."

"Goin' into society that toime," said old Timmy wistfully—"that toime at th' Dimmycrat Club—didn't it make yez leary befure hand? Didn't yez feel you was gittin' cold feet?"

"No, not exactly. To be sure, I was on to myself; I was wise to it that I didn't know my way through. At th' same time, I'm cunnin' enough to be aware that in society, like everywhere else, not one dub in a hundred knows his way through. All you've got to do, Timmy, no matter where you be, is keep a steady eye an' a stiff upper lip. With them equipments for a stall, you'll pull through all right, all right. An' that goes for society, same as everything else.

"When it comes my turn to break into th' social swim that time, as a primary step I heads for a tailor to heel an' handle me on clothes. 'This thread-an'-needle skate,' says I, 'ought to be hep to his own game.' So, with that, I array myself in whatever he passes out. I'd have wrapped myself in a horse-blanket if his nibs of th' shears had handed me a horse-blanket steer.

"At th' reception part, that Democrat Club night, I was on Easy Street. Everybody got along in that act. All you had to do was stick 'round, maintain a frozen front, an' you could call yourself th' goods. It was at th' dinner afterward th' bunch began to forget their lines an' fall down.

"As for me, I makes it a point at dinner to plant myself opposite a gilded old Willie-boy, who looked like ready money. I could see he'd been over th' course a hundred times. 'Do as he does, Kell,' I says to myself, 'an' you'll be winner in a walk.' So I lamps him, an' studies his gait, an' follows his suit, from soup to nuts. When he plays a fork, I plays a fork. If he boards a chive, I boards a chive. From one end of th' course to th' other, I'm steerin' by his wake.

"Once, to be sure, I gets a shock. It's after we'd rounded th' stake boat, so to speak, an' broken out our spinnakers for th' run home. We'd just made th' roast

plover look like seven cents, an' had poured out a glass of suds to wash it down, when what does Mr. Good-player do but up an' sink his hooks into a bowl of water that's standin' a little off his port bow. Honest, I like to've fell in a fit! Sure, it was nothin' but a finger-bowl, but, at that time, finger-bowls had me shaded. They're a second or two beyond my speed. Wherefore, when I sees his jiblets stickin' his claws into that bowl of water, I feels a sinkin'. I thought I'd been on a dead one, an' had been makin' a monkey of myself from th' jump.

"It's a great thing to be sure of your game at a big dinner, Timmy. To eat something with a spoon that youse had ought to have harpooned with a fork'll queer you faster, an' sink you lower in pop'lar esteem, than if you'd robbed a bank or burned a church. Fashion is King, you bet!—whether it takes th' shape of dinners, receptions, sheath gowns or Merry Widow hats, an' any gazabo caught tryin' to sidestep his allegiance will find himself, socially speakin', collared an' thrown in.

"Also, fashions has their strong points. New fashions catch th' ladies. They see a new style of hat, an' they proceed promptly to con father out of his roll an' blow it in. This sendin' 'round th' cush keeps things movin'. When everybody's spendin' money times is flush. Let every mark go to savin' an' hangin' on to his wad, an' th' world falls dead. When you're out to coax mankind into givin' up its dough you've got to appeal to th' ladies. An' ladies, like magpies, is best appealed to by th' new an' gaudy—something that gets at 'em through th' eye.

"It's been always that way. Counselor Noonan—you know Counselor Noonan, Timmy; as cunnin' as a pet fox, he is! Well, Counselor Noonan's over to th' house th' other evenin', an' he gets to tellin' about an old-time baby called Atalanta. This is way back in the heart of th' Dark Ages. Atalanta's a sort o' she-Kettleman an' can run her one hundred yards in better than ten seconds. That's straight; she could do it.

"It gets along where Atalanta's folks thinks she ought to be married. But no, she won't have it; she'd sooner be a spinster an' a sprinter. With that they crowd her hand; an' at last, to get shut of them, she tacks it up on th' bulletin-board that she'll rove to th' altar only with some student who can beat her at a foot-race. 'No lobsters need apply!' she says. Also, under th' rules, if some swell-head calls th' bluff an' can't make good—if she lands him loser—th' headsman will be on th' job, an' that beaten party'll get it where Queen Katharine wore th' beads.

"Sure, any number of th' game young Archibalds an' Reginalds of that day went ag'inst th' game. They all lose; his jiblets of th' cleaver whacks off their blocks

"One day there chases along a sure-thing artist whose monaker is Hippomenes. Now Hippo old boy was a wise Indian: there wasn't goin' to be no headsman in his. Hippo was fly to women, too, an' on to all th' low places in their fences. He organizes with three golden apples, an' every time little Shootin' Star goes flashin' by he chucks down one of 'em in front of her. What does she do? Why, Miss Kettleman simply eats it up! She can't go by nothin' like a golden apple—not she! An' she loses so much time at it Hippo noses in a winner.

"Yes, they're married; but it don't last. You see, it's Venus who stakes Hippo to th' golden pippins, an' shows him how to crab Atalanta's act; an' later, when he double-crosses Venus an' don't come across on his engagements to that goddess, she changes both him an' Atalanta into a couple of lions. But still it goes to show that, in every age, th' new an' gaudy can bring a lady up all standin'."

"An' it's Counshelor Noonan tells you that!" mused old Timmy, in a fog of admiration. "A rapparee he is, an' a robber!—but, my, ain't he th' learned spor-r-rt!"

"He's th' legal limit, th' Counselor is."

"Who invints th' fashions, Kell?"

"The French—they're th' laddybucks that shove 'em from shore. It's been that way for centuries. Say 'Fashion!' an' in a minute Paris is on th' dump givin' orders."

"Th' Frinch are th' great la-a-ads! There's a felly tellin' me they can cook snails so's they're good to eat."

"Tell that historian to guess ag'in, Timmy. Snails is never good to eat, as any one can see by th' looks of 'em. Only epicures eat 'em; an' you know that old nigger-minstrel gag about an epicure bein' a man who eats anything? Just th' same, you've got it right about th' French bein' stemwinders. An' partic'larly when th' game of life's dealt down to fashions. It's right there th' French become th' whole box of tricks."

"Do yez think makin' a new fashion every other month is a good play, Kell? To me it's nothin' but a gold-brick play to catch th' come-ons."

"Still, Timmy, I should say th' fashions are a great scheme. They're one way to get th' money; they keep th' long green flutterin' in th' commercial breeze. New fashions, no matter how thick an' fast they come, can't hurt any one except a fleet of rich fools. Also, it's my experience, a fool is always rich. As how? Because unless he's rich he can't start—see? They give him th' gate. A poor man can be wicked, but to be a fool takes money."

"Be th' Rock av Cashel, then, I wisht I'd been bor-r-rn a howlin' idjit!" exclaimed old Timmy fervently.

"At that," returned Big Kelly with solemn philosophy, "it's four for one you'd find yourself in Dutch. Riches, when it comes to happiness, is a long shot from a cinch. Let me toss you out a few bald chunks, quarried from my own experiences, an' you can break your teeth on 'em:

"Folks laugh more in Third Avenue than they do in Fift'. What street shows most empty houses? Ain't it Fift' Avenue? Why be they empty? Because th' guys who lived in 'em didn't have a good time in 'em. If they had had they'd have stuck. Also, file it away in your hat, that th' gent who has more than one house hasn't any home.

(Concluded on Page 27)

NUMBER 9009

By James Hopper and Fred. R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

X

STARING dully at the rifle-muzzles, then at the other things about him, 9009 waited to be shot. His jaw drooped so that his mouth was half-open, and his eyes were wide. He panted. Details came to him slowly:

Six guards, immobile, aiming their rifles at him.

Between him and the guards, two striped huddles, like wounded snakes, upon the beaten earth of the place. A limp hand drooping loosely from the nearest huddle, a white face upturned, very still, a flash of yellow teeth between drawn lips—this was Miller. The other—he could not tell who the other was.

Off to one side, three more guards; in front of each, a convict; the guards holding drawn revolvers, each muzzle against the stomach of one of the convicts. In the centre of this group, breathing hard, asnarl, the wiry little pickpocket.

Beyond, the gray high wall, and upon it, pacing slowly against a very blue sky, another guard, holding a rifle, loosely, like a hunter.

Six guards holding their rifles upon him; three more holding drawn revolvers against three striped convicts; another guard on the wall—9009's eyes suddenly narrowed to slits.

A resonant clash of steel upon steel broke the panting silence. The cell-house door had been closed. Again a metallic clang—the inner door had been shut. Then, muffled, a succession of dull slams, close one upon the other, that merged into a subdued roll as of thunder. The convicts within the cell-house were being locked up in their cells.

The six rifle-muzzles fell toward the ground; a footstep crunched behind; 9009 turned.

It was Jennings.

The sallow face was heavy, expressionless, and the gray eyes were without light. One heavy hand, extending, grasped 9009's shoulder; the other explored his garments one after the other. "All right," said Jennings; "nothing on him." He turned his eyes upon 9009. "Thought you'd lam out, eh?" he said with a sneer.

But 9009 did not answer. He was stupefied. And when Jennings ordered him to come he followed at a shambling gait, dazed, to the dungeon.

He sat there for several hours, on the steel floor, in the blackness, his hands hanging loose between his drawn-up knees. Gradually, out of the whirl of his mind, two pictures emerged. He saw Nichols, the confidence-man, walking slowly backward toward the inner corridor; he saw him shoot the burglar and run to his cell—he did not understand that. Then he saw himself bounding out into

A Long, Lean, Hard Man with a Lead-Hued Face

the yard, and stopping before six rifles—he did not understand that. His brain, anyway, was making but dull efforts to understand. All it did was this: it presented to him the two pictures, mechanically, passionlessly, as for inspection—the stony-faced confidence-man shooting the burglar from behind; the guards waiting outside to catch him as he came. He looked at these two pictures—stupid; he could not understand them.

He emerged from the dungeon at noon and was taken, blinking, into the sunny yard. Here a theatrical scene had been carefully arranged.

At a point midway between the door of the dining-hall and the gates of the jute-mill lane, close to the stonelike track made by the thrice-daily march of the lock-step line, two deal tables had been placed side by side. And upon these tables the three convicts killed in the break had been laid.

"Look, you fellows—look!"

The voice of the captain, growling, was answered by the movement of the guards, pushing 9009, the pickpocket and the other two men of the break closer to the tables. No. 9009 looked upon the heap.

An undercurrent of sound, a sort of attenuated whir, a buzzing that was dull, arose continuously. No. 9009 bent over close; then he turned sick.

"Line 'em up," growled the captain.

To the right of the tables, 9009 was placed, erect; to the left of the tables the other two. They formed a line, as for inspection: 9009 and the pickpocket, alive; then Miller, the burglar and the boy, dead; then the other two convicts, alive. But the living men had dead faces.

They stood there, it seemed to them, a long time. Above, the sky was very blue; the sun beat down upon their shaven heads; it poured perpendicularly upon the eyes of the dead men, which did not blink; and there was a still, warm silence, and underneath this still, warm silence a low, steady buzzing. No. 9009 shuffled his feet. "Quiet!" growled the captain of the yard. He stood before them, like a colonel before his spread regiment, looking at them with an inspecting frown; then a satisfaction smoothed his visage. "All right," he said to Jennings.

Jennings shouted down the yard; at the signal the gates of the jute-mill lane swung inward, and through the turreted arch in the wall the lock-step line emerged. It came smoothly, in a lithe, continuous flow, as if it were to be endless, through the arch into the yard, undulating like a snake, gray as a larva, mounted upon legs like a centipede. A new eagerness seemed in its thousand limbs, a vague tremor was in its folds, its slight side-to-side motion seemed accelerated of rhythm; it came along the way, beaten to stone, that it had made through so many days, crawling from mill to hall and back again; it came, gray and flaccid, creeping forward with rapidity

Then suddenly its head, as if catching a scent, went off the path in a long, sidewise rear—a movement as that of a snake which would rear like a horse. There was a moment of disorder; the body and tail, pressing forward, knotted,

vertebræ broke; the voices of the guards rose high and sharp—and then the head, with a gliding, submissive motion, flattened out again, and came on past the tables, the tables served with killed men that stared upward, flanked by live men with dead faces.

The line went by slowly. The guards, at the head, on the sides, delayed it with murmur and gesture, and the voice of the captain, growling incessantly, bade it Look! Look! Look! It flowed by with its side-to-side swinging; one by one the white faces passed, eyes glancing slantingly, deep-lined, heavy. Sometimes nostrils quivered slightly; sometimes prison pallor grayed.

These men passed in silence; in the warm, still air there was no sound excepting the shuffling of feet, the low growl of the captain's voice bidding look, and the buzzing undertone. They passed, slit-eyed, stone-faced, sullen and silent—9009 saw them all. He saw his little cell-mate looking at him out of his inflamed eyes with that same shocked expression with which he had looked at him from his cell during the struggle in the corridor; he saw Hayes—and fantastically the shock-headed safe-cracker was still laughing the soundless, sneering laugh he had laughed while looking out of his cell at 9009 during the break——

They passed by the four living men with dead faces, by the three dead men gazing at the sky; and one by one they sank into the door of the dining-hall till the yard was a desert again—except for the flanked tables and the buzzing.

Then 9009 was taken back to the dungeon, and he was kept there for thirty days in silence and darkness.

"Put Down that Gun!"

For thirty days he was in blackness and silence. At regular intervals, which were of twenty-four hours, but seemed much longer, the wicket snapped open and a half loaf of bread with a pitcher of water was thrust in, entering with a gray pallor of daylight immediately shut off again. He slept much, in short periods, at any hour, irregularly; the rest of the time he squatted in the centre of his cube of darkness, and thought. He saw the confidence-man, stepping back on tiptoe, raising his arm, shooting; the burglar falling. He saw himself bounding down the corridor, leaping over white faces gazing upward, emerging out into the sunlight—into the bristling circle of the guards' ambush. And now another picture had joined these two: he saw the shock-headed safe-cracker peering out of his cell and laughing his soundless, sneering laugh during the struggle in the corridor; he saw his cell-mate gazing at him with a shocked expression. And he did not understand.

At the end of thirty days he was taken before the Prison Board in the warden's office. There he faced two corporation lawyers whose corporations were then undergoing prosecution, a grocer who adulterated, a wholesale liquor merchant, and a ward politician; and these men took his "copper" away from him.

He went back to the dungeon and thought. He saw the two smug corporation lawyers who taught their corporations how to sap the law, the grocer who sold pickles preserved in sulphuric acid, the wholesale liquor merchant who helped finance a corrupt municipal party and thus forced his whisky on all the city saloons, the ward politician who paid for votes with dollars. He knew of these men; he had read their record. He saw them, sitting in a solemn line behind their desks, with an expression of shocked severity, taking from him his "copper." And suddenly his laugh rang harsh and loud between the steel walls.

He stayed in the dungeon thirty days longer. At regular intervals, which were of twenty-four hours, but seemed much longer, the wicket snapped open and, together with a pallor of day, there entered a half-loaf of bread and a pitcher of water. He ate; he slept much, in short, frequent periods, irregularly, stretched upon the cold steel floor. But the larger part of the time he thought. He saw the confidence-man shoot the burglar, he saw himself leaping into the ring of the guards' ambush, he saw the leer of the safe-cracker, the shocked expression of his cell-mate—and he did not understand.

On the twenty-fifth day the door opened and clanged shut again, and he was conscious of a presence there with him in the compressed darkness. He waited, silent, crouching; and, after a while, he heard a short, hard, dry cough.

"That you, pal?" he asked.

"Yes, it's me," answered the piping voice of his cell-mate.

They were silent in the darkness. "What made you come in?" at length asked 9009.

"Got five days for talking in the line," said the invisible cell-mate.

"What for did you do it?" pursued 9009.

"Thought they'd put me in this hole," admitted the thin voice; "I knowed you'd be feelin' bad about bein' fooled."

"Fooled?"—the voice of 9009 rose in a bellow.

"'Bout the framed-up break. Nichols, that bunco-man, he was the stool-pigeon that framed it for Jennings and the yard captain. Guess he'll get a pardon now. And 'Shorty' Hayes, he's laughing at ye; says you and he heard Jennings talk about the frame that time he and you was painting under the captain's window ——"

The little man's voice died abruptly. No. 9009 had hurled himself upon the steel walls, and was beating them with hands and feet, crushing his face against them in an effort to bite. He saw now. He saw himself up on the painter's platform with "Shorty" Hayes, hearing the words of Jennings floating out through the open window; he saw Nichols, the stony-faced confidence-man, gradually preparing the break, and then, when it had come, killing the burglar; he saw the safe-cracker laughing at him from the door of his cell. He saw—and he beat madly with hands and feet and head. Like a maddened insect he whirled along the four walls of the dungeon, clawing, butting, rapping his teeth against the smooth, impassive surface. Finally, exhausted, he stopped, crouching in the centre of the cell. And, after a while, he laughed, a harsh laugh that rebounded dully from the walls of steel.

Then a hand fell on his shoulder; he felt the little cell-mate squatting by his side. His right hand went across his body; a small, hard paw seized it—and for hours, there, in the darkness, the two crouched side by side, hand in hand, without saying a word. At times 9009 laughed harsh and loud, and then the grip upon his hand tightened.

XI

PRISONER 9009 had turned. He had changed faces as he had changed stripes. Among his kind he now moved a being apart, hard-eyed, cruel-mouthed, a line of sullen craft between his brows, a sneer at the ends of his ugly lips. And he was feared. He was different, now, from the others; a developed brute more dangerous than they. Processes meant to break him had merely warped him; they had made of him the grimmest thing that walks—a convict without hope.

He wore red stripes, as the convict who had killed the garroter had done, as Miller, the highwayman, had done. These red stripes singled him out from the others. They displayed him as a red blotch in the long, gray, lock-step line; they flashed him out, a red target amid the gray groups in yard or cell-house or dining-hall to the guards pacing slowly along walls or waiting in suspended cages with rifles loose in hand. The red stripes meant this: that at the slightest disorder, the slightest tumult, the least suspicious movement or eddy in the mass of guarded criminals, it was he who was to receive the first bullets from the guards watching, rifles in hand, weary with monotonous vigil, and anxious to kill.

He worked in the foundry. Striped men there made stoves for thrifty housewives, and they were the desperate of the prison. The manufacture was simple. The convicts melted scrap in a furnace—a huge rusty-brown cylinder of iron, lined with fire-brick, which stood at one end of the moulding-room—then drew the molten metal and carried it in ladles to black-sand moulds, where it hardened. The glowing viscous metal poured into these moulds came forth rigid and black and shaped into parts, and the parts were put together into stoves. No. 9009 was a moulder.

They were a black-faced, scowling crew of felons, dumb at their toil, hating one another. Their striped suits, red-blotched with iron rust, were tattered; their heavy brogans gaped where molten drippings had burned away the leather. Some limped from burns and some bore on hands and faces ugly sores—the marks of spattered liquid iron. They were savagely reckless at their work, and the guards had to watch them closely lest they maim themselves. They sweated in torment, and strange, wordless feuds existed among them; stealthy blows were struck without cause.

The moulding-room was long and low, earth-floored, dusky with shadows at noonday. On the earth floor, in rows flanking path-wide intervals, lay the moulds—wooden frames about which was tamped black sand. Walls and roof were of corrugated iron. The naked rafters overhead were crusted with dirt; black dirt lay in thin layers on the window-panes and hung in cobwebbed festoons from the bars. At one end of the room, looming tall into the shadows until it became itself a shadow among them, stood the cylindrical furnace, gloomy when dead, and on "pouring-off" days a menacing monster which, at sudden intervals, vomited red-hot metal. In the centre of the room, up among the dust-covered rafters, was a suspended steel-barred cage, and in it a guard stood, fingering his rifle. At the other end of the room, in the midst of a fiery spark-shower, his black face catching weird high lights from the glowing rain about him, Jimmy Carroll, the little cell-mate, sat on a high stool at the emery wheel. Often 9009 glanced over there, especially toward night, when the little man swayed sickly on his perch.

Four days a week 9009 tamped black sand about the mould-patterns. He worked, pounding, pounding, pounding, with loose shoulders, the cold smell of earth, charcoal and fresh iron-dust in his nostrils; sombre-lined faces and striped forms flitted about him; at times his eyes, unconsciously rising, gave him a glimpse of the cage overhead, with the guard vague within, or of his cell-mate, swaying on his high stool in a Sodom-like rain. Two days a week he stood in line with the other moulders, holding his long-handled ladle, waiting his turn to slip it under the sullen red stream which the furnace gave. On these "pouring-off" days the sweating felons strained like black-faced demons among lurid glows, emerging from deep shadows into abrupt flares and dropping back into their depths. They looked like men long dead and damned for all time. But always, to 9009, a glimpse of his cell-mate, swaying on his high stool in a fiery rain, came as a subtle respite.

When one of the convicts was hurt the others laughed. And one of the jests of the moulding-room was to spit into your neighbor's filled ladle, causing an explosion that

seared him. A felon did this to 9009 one day. No. 9009 leaped upon him, and when he was dragged off he was trampling the prostrate form of the evil jester.

For this he went to the dungeon for ten days. When on the morning terminating his sentence he reëntered the foundry and looked up toward the emery wheel, Jimmy Carroll was not there. Another convict sat at his place in the fiery shower.

All that day, tamping black sand into wooden patterns, 9009 questioned about him, questioned with sharp glances from shifting eyes—but he got no answer

That night he was all alone in his cell, and all night he pondered. In the morning, during cleaning-up time, he began again his questioning, furtive, lipless, but fiercer every moment; but again only shaken heads and shrugging shoulders met him.

For a week it was thus. He was alone in his cell at night; in the daytime a strange convict sat at the emery wheel—a long, lean, hard man with a lead-hued face. And the toil was harder than it had been before, and his savage questioning, insistent and implacable, rebounded from the hard faces of those about him as from blank, stone walls

Then, after a time, a rumor began to percolate slowly through the prison—in lipless words, from stone face to stone face, vague, incomplete at first, irritating as the tapping snatches of a telegraph receiver out of order, but little by little, in that mysterious way rumor has, growing more detailed, surer, more complete.

Jimmy Carroll, the little cell-mate, was dead. He had been shot.

This was all for a time; then, by glance, by shrug, by swiftly-stolen word, 9009 was directed to "Shorty" Hayes, the shock-headed safe-cracker who had laughed at him as he had joined the break. And one Sunday he cornered him in the yard and drew the whole story from him.

This convict was under a fifty-years' sentence. He had lost his "copper" long since. Now, he was to get it back from the Governor of the State. In some subtle subterranean manner he had got hold of the facts of Jimmy Carroll's death, and the knowledge was worth to him his "copper."

He crowed harshly over this, long before he told 9009 anything. And while telling, every sentence or two he broke from the telling and croaked again his triumph "They're agoin' to get me me copper back from the Governor," he would croak; "thirteen years' copper they're agoin' to give me back—fer what I know. Fer what I know," he repeated, chuckling raspingly. "Ho-ho-ho, me copper fer what I know!"

What he knew, what he had gained in some mysterious way, was this:

Two mornings after 9009's fight, and while he was in the dungeon, Jimmy Carroll suddenly had refused to work.

He had been taken to the office of the captain of the yard. And there, quietly, stubbornly, he had again refused to work.

They had taken him, then, to the whipping-post in the chapel.

"Put your hands up to the ring," said the captain, pointing to the ring, stapled into the post a little more than man-height, to which the hands of the victim were manacled during the flogging.

"I won't," said the little black-faced man; "I'm sick I won't work, and I won't be flogged."

"Put up your hands," said the captain.

"I won't! I'm sick, and I won't be flogged."

"Put up your hands," said the captain, picking up the cat.

"I won't," said the little black-faced man, folding his arms upon his caved-in chest.

The captain's face went very white. "Jennings," he said to the guard standing by—"Jennings, you get your rifle."

Jennings had disappeared, then had returned with the rifle.

"Put your hands up to this ring," began the captain again when Jennings, rifle in hand, again stood in the chapel.

"I won't," said the little man. He stopped to cough, looking up at the captain out of his inflamed eyes, with their red-drooping lower lids. "You c'n kill me; I won't be flogged."

"Carroll, I'm a man of my word," said the captain, very white. "And so help me, if you don't put up your hands to this ring, you'll be shot."

"Shoot," said Jimmy Carroll.

"Jennings, get ready," said the captain.

Jennings stared at him, stared at Carroll, raised his rifle, and aimed it at the little black-faced man

"Now, put up your hands," said the captain, his face suddenly going black as the little man's.

"I won't," said the little man.

"Shoot," said the captain.

And Jennings had shot. And Jimmy Carroll had gone over backward in a thin little sprawl, a bullet in his heart.

"And now," said the safe-cracker, his face suddenly very sinister, bent close to 9009's—"now, Buddy, remember: I'll cut off your head if ye open yer mouth!"

But 9009 did not answer. He sat there, his eyes upon the ground, long. And the next day, from the machine-shop of the foundry, he stole a big, heavy file, just such a file as, months before, he had seen the red-striped convict of the jute-mill plunge into the shoulders of the garroter. And that night, through the long, sleepless hours, he stretched deliciously to the rasp of it against his flesh, there beneath his red-striped jacket, above his heart.

XII

ABOUT the rasp-file 9009's life now enwrapped itself. The thing was the symbol of his Purpose, his engrossing Purpose, the one fixed light left in his blackened soul. For many days he carried it with him just as it was, beneath his garments; at night he stretched deliciously to its rasp, there against his skin, upon his heart. A somnolent apathy had come over him; that mere contact gave him a profound satisfaction, almost a satiety; it was with an effort that he roused himself to the next step. But at length he stole from the machine-shop another file, a small one, of diamond steel, and with it he began to sharpen the big one, of softer steel, into a knife.

He worked at night, surreptitiously, with infinite precaution, under the muffle of his blanket, his ears taut to the hissing feet of guard; and progress was slow, but exquisite from its very slowness. He was greatly delayed by the necessity of parting for long periods with the object of his solicitude.

He had found in the stone wall of the laundry, which stood a bare two feet from the stone wall of the cook-house, a niche hollowed for a water-pipe; and whenever he feared discovery, or his instinct announced to him the coming of a search, he dropped his file in the niche behind the water-pipe. Then for days he would be separated from it, tortured with sudden accesses of fear in spite of his confidence in the security of his hiding-place. But he had become wonderfully patient, and he stood the test well. His Purpose burned within him always, without a sputter, fixed, unalterable. He remembered how the murderer of the garroter had waited, days, weeks, months, never letting the desire of his heart light up his eyes, while the garroter passed and repassed him, and on his breast the knife lay, not quite ready. A patience such as this was now with him always, a patience he felt inexhaustible within him, and in which he took a grim and sullen pride.

And so, night after night, with intervals of long separation, he fondled the file, and, beneath his caressing and firm sculpturing, gradually it grew into the shape he loved—pointed, razor-edged, well-poised. The feel of its well-balanced weight in his hand was a constant joy. It could split a skull or carve out a rib. It was just like the knife he had watched on the desk of the captain of the yard, the day of the jute-mill murder, a trifle bigger, stronger, better shaped if anything. It cut him often as it lay against his skin, upon his heart—and he accepted these wounds as a mother accepts the scratches of the babe she loves; at night he stretched ecstatically to the rasping of it, as a religious fanatic stretches to the torture of his hair-shirt. Visions came to him then. He saw the red-striped convict of the jute-mill spring, leap-frog fashion, upon the garroter; he saw his right hand sink into the bent back with a crunch, then rise, fall, rise, fall. And by a swift transformation it was he that sprang, leap-frog fashion; his hand that pumped, up and down, up and down; his knees that grasped a thick, gurgling neck—and the neck was not that of the garroter.

He waited, grimly patient, day after day, week after week. At times, without much conviction, he tried to coax on the favorable moment; and this resulted in what the prison officials took for attempts at escaping—attempts incredibly stupid.

On one Sunday, for instance, he wandered into the office of the captain of the yard under the excuse of drawing a new suit of underwear. He could hear the voice of Jennings in the inner office, and he was very long in picking his garment, rejecting suit after suit under flimsy pretexts; then, after finally he had to choose, loitered in the outer corridor, aimlessly, till Wilson, with the unerring instinct of the informer, becoming suspicious, ordered him out. He cursed Wilson; and for this he was given a week in the dungeon.

On another day he broke up the lock-step line in its morning march from cell-house to dining-hall. Jennings

(Continued on Page 25)

Instantly He Slid Out into the Luminous Space

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Threatened Benefits for Shippers

IN VIEW of the experience of the International Mercantile Marine Company, or "Steamship Trust," it is truly surprising that a demand for ship subsidies persists and is even echoed in the Republican platform.

The "Steamship Trust" was formed nearly six years ago by Mr. Morgan and other exceptionally able men, and capitalized at a hundred and seventy million dollars. It has never paid a dividend on either class of stock. The preferred is quoted around 20, the common around 7, the bonds around 70.

It has not been a success simply because it has never been able to choke off competition in ocean rates; the Germans wouldn't "combine"; no monopolistic control could be effected. The president of the trust, in his last annual report, observes that revenue was "extremely unsatisfactory on account of the great disturbance in rates, due to conditions beyond our control"; and again, "through unfortunate conditions, it was impossible to make corresponding advances in rates for passengers and freight."

The history of the tariff shows that a bounty, or benefit, from the Government is no good, unless you can effect a monopoly. The bounty itself simply stimulates competition. Liberal ship subsidies would cause more ships to be built; those ships would fight for business; there would be even greater "disturbance in rates."

The German shipowners see the point and are already looking askance at Government subsidies. To get a subsidy without getting a monopoly is simply to invite ruin.

We earnestly advise ship-subsidy advocates to hold off a bit and make sure that they can effect a monopoly before they again appeal to Congress. Otherwise, by unrestricted competition, more than all the benefit of the subsidy will go to shippers—which, of course, is far from their intention.

Two Financial Fallacies

PLANK 1 of the Socialist platform demands that the Government shall immediately undertake public works, such as inland waterways, improving roads, reforesting, reclaiming arid lands, in order to give employment to all idle workmen. Being employed, the workmen will spend their wages for food, clothing, furniture, thereby raising the demand for commodities to its former height, setting all industrial wheels in motion and ending the depression.

Plank 1 of the current railroad platform demands assent to a general advance in freight rates, in order that the railroads, with depleted incomes, may buy rails, engines, cars, ties and so on as freely as before. This buying will start up idle mills; the mills will employ idle workmen; the workmen will spend their wages for food and clothing—and the depression will be at an end.

Both planks assert the same doctrine; but they differ in methods. The Socialists would have the Government raise several hundred millions by taxation and spend the money in wages. The railroads would have the Government let them raise freight rates—which means simply a tax on business, or on consumers—that the money may ultimately be spent in wages.

Neither the Government nor the railroads can create money. Whatever money either has is collected from the people. If either has a few hundred millions more to spend somebody else must have that much less.

To be completely attractive as a scheme for promoting prosperity, the railroad plank should contain satisfactory assurance that the increased income will not, presently, go into dividends instead of wages.

Why India Starves

DRASTIC legislation is shaping to discourage sedition in India, and wheat, which literally millions of Indians need for nourishment, is weekly exported to Liverpool. England has long been taking the wheat and sending back anti-sedition laws.

During the last forty years of the nineteenth century some fifteen million people perished of famine in India—not because there was not food in the country, nor because means of transportation were lacking, still less because the country was not abundantly capable of producing all the food its inhabitants needed, but because the people were too wretchedly poor to buy it.

Lord Curzon estimated the average annual income of the agricultural population (three-quarters of the whole) at six dollars a head, in a land rich in natural resources, whose density of population is less than half that of England and Scotland, only half that of Japan, and but little more than half that of Italy and Germany. So naked and helpless are the people that at any adverse breath they die like flies.

From these people England draws, in one way and another, about a hundred and fifty million dollars a year—maintaining the six-dollars-a-head level. Such is the largest fact concerning English rule in India.

Security of life and property has been achieved—that is, of the Englishman's life and property. The Indian has no property to secure, and his life depends upon whether it happens to rain abundantly at the right season in his own neighborhood.

That many millions of Indians, year in and year out, never have enough food to satisfy their hunger is the testimony of Englishmen themselves. They testify also to many millions of acres that might be brought under cultivation by public works, such as drainage and irrigation, while steady productivity of the area already cultivated could be assured by like works.

Motoring to Simplicity

IN ONE New England town, of no great size, sixty families have mortgaged their homes to buy automobiles. We have this on the word of a clergyman, and regard it as a hopeful sign.

In Japan, as travelers report, the common people are happy. Westerners are surprised at their gay and carefree air. This is because they are not burdened with exacting possessions. A family owns a few kimonos, a couple of mats, a chest; so it has nothing on its mind. A Japanese with surplus funds buys an extra fine fish and eats it, instead of foolishly laying out the money in something that will involve care.

In America, on the other hand, all people are miserable, because the fruit of everybody's energy, over and above that necessary to bare subsistence, is expended in a manner that continually demands expenditure of more energy. A man can never catch up with himself. He works and gets a house. He must then work, not only to maintain the house, but to furnish it. He presently gets more furniture than the house will accommodate. Then he must get a bigger house and furnish that.

It has been estimated that, if the average American lived to the age of Methuselah, he would have a house seven miles square and, at the moment of dissolution, would be toiling to buy a Colonial chamber set for the northeast room—in which set, however, there would be one more piece than the room could hold, necessitating a quarter-mile addition on that corner, to furnish which would take the labor of the next eighty years.

The automobile mania, resolving all one's possessions into a single and comparatively simple piece of property, promises to change this.

The Plain Man's Burden

THAT one of the privileges of wealth is to escape taxes has long been remarked with regret.

Of the hundred and sixteen million dollars of direct taxes that go to support New York City, nearly all is raised on real estate, which means that renters of moderate means pay the bulk of it. Almost everywhere the amount of personal property that is taxed is ridiculously out of proportion to the amount that should be taxed. No device for equalizing the burden seems effective.

The assessed valuation of the property that is taxed in the United States appears to be not much over a quarter the value of all the property.

In the last year for which an exact comparison can be made the railroads paid 7½ per cent. of the total taxes; their value was about 11 per cent. of the total wealth. Of the indirect taxes which support the Federal Government they pay comparatively little.

So far as the published report of the steel corporation shows, it paid, in that year, under a third of one per cent. of total taxes, while its value stood in a decidedly higher ratio to total wealth. The ratio which the corporation's contributions to indirect taxes bear to the benefit which it derives from such taxes would, obviously, be vastly more disproportionate.

The total of direct taxes was about three-quarters of a billion a year at last accounts. To adjust this burden equitably would bring agreeable relief to a great many plain and uncomplaining people.

The Weight of Opinion

IF YOU invite neighbor Jones to the porch, abruptly kick him down the front steps, and then affirm that he is in honor bound not to mention the incident, he will not believe you; if neighbor Smith repeats your affirmation he will begin to doubt; if the whole neighborhood echoes it you may kick him as often as you like and he will die at the stake sooner than divulge the least assault.

Any one who doubts this has only to consider hazing at West Point, as disclosed in the latest investigation of it, as well as in those that have gone before. Young men, not naturally cowards or brutes, abuse others in a cowardly and brutal way; the others, who are not generally lacking in intelligence or spirit, not only submit to the abuse, but risk punishment to conceal it—all because the opinion of that particular community supports the practice. The obvious idiocy of the opinion has nothing whatever to do with its binding force.

Public opinion strongly condemns hazing. In the contest between it and community, or neighborhood, opinion, the latter, so far, is a long way ahead. Nobody really cares about public opinion. The notion of braving it is rather attractive even to livers of a quite blond complexion.

Three Judges at Sea

"WE ARE not prepared to say that tariff sheet No. 24 fixes the rate on petroleum at eighteen cents. The most we can say is that the question is one upon which judges, after full discussion, might reasonably disagree."

So say three judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in reversing the famous Standard Oil fine. The company was charged with shipping oil from Whiting to St. Louis at an unlawful rate—namely, six cents. The first question naturally was, What is the lawful rate? These judges, after carefully examining all the mass of evidence on that point, simply give it up. They declare frankly that they can't tell whether the lawful rate was six cents or eighteen cents.

If men of their intellectual capacity and long training in the sifting of evidence, having before them all the tariff sheets, with ample time to peruse, digest and weigh, can't find out what the lawful rate was, how much show would an ordinary shipper stand of finding it out? In other places the decision speaks rather helplessly of the "tangled and confused" tariff sheets.

That this undecipherable confusion is in itself a discrimination in favor of the big shipper—who has his traffic department and his experts in rate-making—is self-evident. To introduce some intelligence and order into this chaos of rate-making is a need which the court's confession strikingly illustrates.

Law and Sense

OBVIOUSLY, if nobody can tell what the lawful rate was, the Standard Oil Company cannot be punished for accepting an unlawful rate.

We wish the court had stopped there. It does not, however; but lends some support to the view that a shipper must be convicted not only of accepting an illegal rate, but of knowing that the rate was illegal.

If that view should be established as law, the difficulties of convicting a rebate-taker would be multiplied. One of the prosecuting attorneys ventured an opinion that, under such conditions, the Government couldn't secure a conviction "once in a thousand times." The court's language does not actually adopt that view, but rather flatters it.

Again, these oil shipments were made by a sub-company, which is merely a member of the parent company. The court says, in effect, that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey cannot be punished because that member of it called the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was found guilty—which may be good law, but is not good sense.

Say the Standard Oil Company was not proved guilty and should not have been fined at all. The fact remains that, in this decision, any big corporation that wishes to break the Elkins law can find comfort. If evidence must be adduced that it knew the rate to be unlawful a considerable bar to successful prosecution is raised.

If only the sub-company, through which it does its sinning, can be punished, corporate law-breaking will remain comparatively cheap.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Democracy's Gonfalon

EVERY lady reporteress who wrote about John W. Kern at Denver, and at Chicago and Indianapolis on his triumphal trip home—triumphal is the exact word—after he had snagged the Vice-Presidential nomination, said Mr. Kern has a "whimsical smile." Therefore it must be so, for while one lady reporteress might be mistaken, there is no chance the whole bunch would go wrong on so important a detail.

Probably, Mr. Bryan knew this when he picked out Mr. Kern for his running—or walking—mate, as the case may be, for Mr. Bryan is somewhat of a smiler himself, although the whimsical kind is not in his repertoire, so far as has been observed.

At any rate, it was certainly shrewd of Mr. Bryan to do that, for when you combine a whimsical smile with a collection of whimsical whiskers such as Mr. Kern maintains in close captivity on his chapletted chin you have a coalition that, all things considered, is capable of making Mr. William Howard Taft and Mr. James Schoolcraft Sherman sit up and take extended notice.

That these eminent gentlemen have cognizance of the extreme danger to their cause is already evidenced by publication in the newspapers of the Taft arms and the Sherman arms, thrown out by one of our best little heraldic sharps, wherein both Republican candidates are shown to have descended from persons who had quarterings and such, far back, and gonfalons. Therein is where Taft and Sherman, in their mad haste to discredit John W. Kern's smile and whiskers, both whimsical, erred, and erred grievously. Granting that previous Tafts and previous Shermans had gonfalons, the fact remains that John W. Kern is his own and Democracy's gonfalon. When he flings his whiskers to the breeze Taft and Sherman must hide their diminished heads; likewise Sherman's diminuendo chin and Taft's crescendo one.

Besides, we read in the explanation of these haughty Republican armorial devices that the name of Taft originally was Tuft. *Was* Tuft; retain that in your mind. John W. Kern *is* tuft. He has the finest tuft in the State of Indiana, bar none. Elmore, the peerless Indiana poet, once burst ecstatically into song on the inspiring subject:

Indiana! Indiana! Proud empire of the free,
I can't refrain from letting go a loud huzza for thee.
I celebrate your hills and vales,
I sing your noble people,
I rhapsodize your bustling towns
Where rises many a steeple—
Your lowing kine, your placid sheep,
Your little, lambkin friskers,
But in all the State there's naught so great
As John Kern's paint-brush whiskers.

Show me any poetry ever written about that blond mustache of William Howard Taft's or those funny little things Jim Sherman wears beneath his ears. No poet in all the land would hitch his muse to such trivial apologies for real hirsute adornment, and none has. Wherefore, Kern may be said to be the candidate of the Poetical Union, a far-reaching organization, and, if the barbers protest, the clean-shaven face of William Jennings Bryan looms up. He wears no ambush on that fearless countenance. Thus, being politicians, the leaders of the Democracy have planned well. They catch the shaven folks coming and the whiskered folks going. A skillfully-contrived ticket.

Time was when a Democrat in Indiana had a fair chance of emoluments. There was an occasional opportunity to get on a public pay-roll. The late Mr. Hanna reversed that order of things back in 1896, and since then the Democrats of the State haven't been near enough to the oat-bin to get the smell of the oats. They thought they were once or twice, but it was a delusion. After the State went Democratic in 1892 it began to have Republican leanings and climbed along from the few more than seven thousand it gave Cleveland in 1892 to the 93,000 it gave Roosevelt in 1904. It was in the midst of alarms such as these that Mr. Kern, Democrat, sauntered for Governor twice. He was nominated and fought the fight, but in each instance the thing was over before it began.

They held the Gold Convention in Indianapolis in 1896, and a good many Indiana Democrats announced in fevered tones that they could not and would not subscribe for the doctrines of Mr. Bryan, and supported Palmer and Buckner loyally until time to vote, when they voted for McKinley. Kern remained put. He did not stray away from the beaten path. Whatever his private notions might have been about sixteen to one, his public notions were correct. He was a man of good standing in the State, and when it came time to nominate somebody for Governor he was head and shoulders above anybody else who was left on the regular roll. Therefore, they nominated him and nominated him again. His two defeats did not hurt him any, but rather helped, for he still maintained his position in the party, everybody knowing that Kern probably made a better race than any other Indiana Democrat could have done.

Four years ago there was a little talk of nominating Kern for Vice-President—not much, but a little. Nothing came of it, for the Democrats, having designs on the monumental roll of Henry Gassaway Davis, selected that aged, but prudent, patriot for the place. Henry Gassaway was tickled to get the nomination, but he failed utterly, in the minds of the campaign managers, when it came to capitalizing the movement to put him in the Vice-Presidential chair. In fact, it may be said, Mr. Davis developed into a tight-wad, thinking, as he did, that he was nominated for himself alone and not for mere monetary reasons. This theory of Mr. Davis' caused a layer of disgust a foot thick to settle on Democratic headquarters, but that was no concern of Mr. Davis'. He still retained his original capital.

This year when the Democrats came to Denver, somebody put up an ancient lithograph of Kern in the lobby of the Brown Hotel. It showed the whiskers perfectly, and was one, apparently, that had seen service in the 1904 campaign for Governor, when Kern struggled along in the rear of as forlorn a hope as ever was projected on a political screen. The lithograph was faded and dejected. It was the only outward sign of the Kern boom. After it had been up for a day or two, and various Oklahoma and other visitors had inquired, "Who's the guy with the whiskers?" some Indiana man had the presence of mind to take a pen and write on the white edge of the picture, "John W. Kern—Indiana's Favorite Son—Candidate for Vice-President."

Thereafter, and for days, the lithograph stayed on the wall. Careless delegates leaned against it, and discussed the chances of any one or all of the one hundred and fourteen gentlemen who aspired to go on the ticket with Bryan, very few saying anything about the candidate against whose picture they leaned. Meantime, the other preliminaries having been arranged and the convention carried on in accordance with orders from Lincoln, Nebraska, the morning arrived when a selection for Vice-President must be made.

Judge Gray, of Delaware, couldn't be coaxed. Judge Gaynor, of New York, was not considered eligible. There was a hasty canvass of other names, and, finally, the Indiana contingent marched into the long-distance telephone booth with the name of John W. Kern.

But in All the State There's Naught so Great
As John Kern's Paint-Brush Whiskers
—*Elmore*

"I always did like Mr. Kern," said Bryan promptly.

"Let us have him," begged the Indianians.

"All right," Bryan replied. "See to it that this free and untrammeled convention names him."

That was all there was to it. The free and untrammeled convention strolled down to the convention hall and named Kern. It took a good deal of language, for some of the hundred and fourteen candidates insisted on getting a few lines in the papers by being nominated, and on securing a few more when they withdrew in favor of Kern. Still, it was accomplished with reasonable expedition, and Kern went on the ticket. The one, lone, faded lithograph had effectively done its work.

Everybody in Indiana likes Kern, for he is a likable man. He is a lawyer, practicing in Indianapolis, able, poor, honest, decent and non-complicated. In his early days he was reporter for the Supreme Court, and has to his credit an imposing row of reports, thus giving him standing among the authors of his State, a most desirable adjunct to any man with political ambitions. He ranks well as a lawyer, is universally respected and is a fine, upstanding citizen. Kern has a keen sense of humor. He tells Indiana stories as well as John Lamb, of Terre Haute, does, which is saying much. He is smiling and affable, friendly and companionable.

A keen sense of humor? That must be the explanation for those whiskers.

The Unspoken Speech

WHEN the late William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, dropped dead at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York some years ago, just as he was speaking, there were but two reporters present. The others had written their stories, sent down their copy and the text of the speeches, and gone to more interesting places.

In one newspaper office the news did not get in until a minute before time for going to press. Two columns of Windom's speech were in type in the form. As it was too late to make over and catch the mails, an enterprising editor wrote: "The Honorable William Windom dropped dead at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last night. If he had not dropped dead he would have spoken as follows:" Thus it stood until they could make over.

A Remarkable Library

COLONEL JOHN I. MARTIN, sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic National Convention, lives in St. Louis, where he built himself a fine house. He thought it well to have a library, and went down to a bookstore where he ordered some books, according to an apocryphal story.

"What kind of books?" asked the clerk.

"Why, books," replied the Colonel. "Books; you know, reading books."

The books came and were installed in the library. Soon after, the Colonel's friend, Hugh O'Neill, came up to look over the place.

"Here, Hugh," said the Colonel, "is my library. Here is where I love to get with a book and a pipe, and forget the outside world."

O'Neill is somewhat of a book sharp. He took down a book, looked at it and put it back; took down another, looked at that and put it back; and repeated the process several times.

Then he asked: "John, where did you get these books?"

"Oh," replied Martin, "I picked them up here and there. Whenever I found one I liked, I bought it. It has been the work of many years."

"But, John," commented O'Neill, "isn't it strange that you should have bought six hundred copies of McGuffey's Fifth Reader?"

What Did He Do?

A NEWSPAPER correspondent was in Cuba on a daring mission before the Spanish War. He was watched and followed, and he grew suspicious that some attempt might be made to do him injury. His scheme was promising, but dangerous.

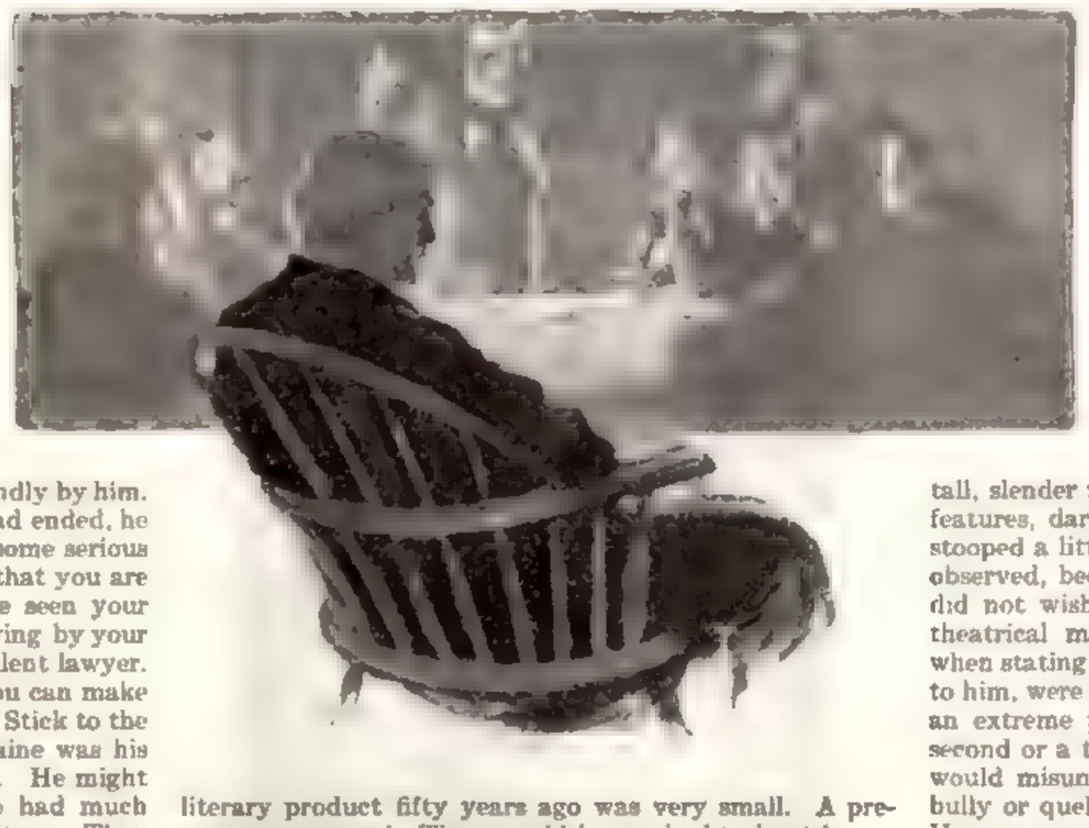
He wrote the full details to his editor in New York, and arranged a cable code for his own guidance. If, in the judgment of the editor, it was the proper thing to do to abandon the scheme the editor was to send a cablegram with the word "money" in it. If, however, the editor thought the work should be carried on he was to send a cablegram with the word "father" in it.

Several days later the correspondent in Cuba was paralyzed with astonishment when he received this cablegram: "Your father's money."

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Vagrant Comrades

"The Best in This Kind are but Shadows"



By WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

IT WAS my fortune, when I was a student at the Dane Law School of Harvard University, to win the favorable notice of that honored professor, Theophilus Parsons, and to be treated very kindly by him. On one occasion, after his morning lecture had ended, he called me into his study and imparted to me some serious advice. "I am sorry," he said, "to observe that you are turning your attention to literature. I have seen your poems in the newspapers. Don't think of living by your pen. Stick to the law! You will be an excellent lawyer. You will have a *profession* to depend on. You can make your way. You can have home and friends. Stick to the law. I once knew a brilliant young man—Paine was his name—who started much as you have done. He might have had a prosperous and happy life. He had much ability. But he left the law. He took to writing. They had him here and there and everywhere with his poems. He was convivial; he wasted his talents; and he sank into an early and a rather dishonored grave. Don't make a mistake at the beginning. Stick to the law, and the law will reward you."

So spoke my sage and friendly old preceptor, tersely and comprehensively stating the safe, conservative, prudential view of the literary vocation. There has, at all times, been some reason for that view. Macaulay said of Richardson, the novelist, "He kept his shop and his shop kept him." "Let your pen be your pastime," said Sir Walter Scott; "your profession your sheet-anchor."

The Slender Purse of the Writer

AT THE time when Professor Parsons imparted to me that earnest admonition to shun the Muses the reason for it seemed decisive. The conditions of the literary life in America, certainly, were not propitious. The really vital literary movement in our country had, indeed, begun; but that fact was not sharply realized. The number of writers who were obtaining a subsistence from distinctively literary labor was small. Dana was a man of fortune. Halleck was an accountant. Bryant was an editor. Longfellow was a college professor. Hawthorne was an official in the Federal service. Charles Sprague was a banker. Holmes was a physician. Prosperity, such as attended The Lamplighter, by Miss Cummings, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Mrs. Stowe (I remember seeing boys, with baskets full of copies of the latter novel, running in the streets and selling them, as pedlers sell their apples), was extraordinarily exceptional. Poe, notwithstanding his marvelous genius—or because of it—had lived in comparative poverty and died in destitution. The number of writers had considerably increased since the epoch of Washington Irving; increase in number of writers had not been attended with increase of emolument from writing. "You young fellows," said that author, addressing George William Curtis, "are not so lucky as I was, for when *I* began to write there were only a few of us." The payment for literary product fifty years ago was very small. A precarious vocation! There could be no doubt about it.

I Learned What it is to Lack a Lodging

My experience was to teach me what counsel failed to teach. A harder time for writers has not been known in our country than the time that immediately preceded the outbreak of the Civil War; yet that was a time when the sun shone bright on the fields of Bohemia, and the roses were in bloom; a time of frequent hardship, sometimes of actual want. I learned then what it is to lack a lodging, and how it feels to be compelled to walk all night in the streets of a great city, alone, hungry and cold: not a time of continuous, unalloyed comfort, and yet almost always a time of careless mirth.

It did not last long. By the stroke of death and the vicissitude of fortune the circle of my early artistic associates in New York was broken in 1861, after which year our favorite haunt, Pfaff's Cave, was gradually deserted by the votaries of the quill and the brush, and the day of dreams was ended. Writing to me, in 1880, the poet Aldrich said: "How they have all gone, 'the old familiar faces!' What a crowd of ghosts peoples that narrow strip of old Bohemian country through which we passed long ago!" Even then, at the distance of twenty years, that period of freedom and frolic seemed vague and shadowy. Now, at the distance of nearly half a century, it seems, in the dim vista of the Past, like a phantom that wavers in a dream. Not one of my comrades of 1860 is living now, and, for the most part, the mention of their names would mean nothing to the present generation of readers. Yet it is a fact within the experience of every close observer of his time that men and women of extraordinary ability and charm pass across the scene and vanish from it, leaving a potent impression of character, of mind, and even of genius, yet leaving no enduring evidence of their exceptional worth. Such persons, of whom the world hears nothing, are sometimes more interesting than some persons—writers and the like—of whom the world hears much. They deserve commemoration; occasionally they receive it. Browning's poem of Waring has done more to preserve the interesting memory of Alfred Domett than anything has done that Domett wrote: Matthew Arnold's poem of Oberman has cast a halo around the name of Senancour.

The Excellent Gift of Deafness

THE writers with whom I became associated in 1859–1860 constituted a singular group. Prominent among them was Edward G. P. Wilkins, a man of brilliant talent and singular charm. He was a native of Boston, and his early experience of journalism was gained in that city. When I met him he was associated with the New York Herald. He had attracted the attention of the elder James Gordon Bennett by writing an excellent account of the burning of the Crystal Palace (the building stood where the Bryant Park now is, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and 42d Street), and that sagacious editor had rapidly advanced him. He was an editorial writer, and also he held the office of musical and dramatic critic. He was a fluent writer, direct, explicit, humorous, ready with a reason for every opinion that he pronounced, and fortunate in the possession of an equable temper and a refined taste. His favorite author was Montaigne, whose works he read in the original French as well as in the English translation, and he was deeply sympathetic with the later poems of Whittier: facts worth noting, because every man is perceived, at least in part, by knowledge of his loves in literature as well as by knowledge of his friends. He was a tall, slender man, of delicate constitution, having regular features, dark hair, and remarkably fine blue eyes. He stooped a little and he was slightly deaf. His deafness, I observed, became peculiarly dense on occasions when he did not wish to hear. Noisy, intrusive persons, angry theatrical managers, and other belligerent individuals, when stating their grievances and making their complaints to him, were favored with courteous attention; but, with an extreme placidity of demeanor, he would request a second or a third recital of their remarks, and often then would misunderstand them. His tact in discomfiting a bully or quelling the clamor of a fool was extraordinary. He was scrupulously elegant in attire and carelessly so in manner, and his imperturbable, humorous affability was especially attractive. For the discreet management of his talents and professional opportunities, as well as for the polish of his manners, he was somewhat indebted to the friendship of Madame Cora de Wilhorst, a popular vocalist of the period (she was the daughter of Reuben Withers, of New York, and it is recorded of her that she made a brilliant first appearance in opera, January 28, 1857, at the Academy of Music, as Lucia), therein being fortunate; because no influence can be more auspicious for any clever youth than that of an accomplished woman, acquainted with the ways of the social world and sincerely desirous of promoting his welfare.

Into the Circle of Good-Fellowship

WILKINS dwelt in a house, still standing, at the northeast corner of Amity and Greene Streets, and there he died, in the spring of 1861. On the night but one before his death I sat by his bedside from sunset till morning, and I had reason then to know that, beneath a blandly cynical exterior, his mind was reverent, his spirit gentle and his heart affectionate. His disease was pneumonia, and he suffered much. It is hard to look upon anguish that you cannot relieve. Once in the course of that dreadful night he asked me to read to him—at first a descriptive passage from Carlyle; then from the Bible. He knew (though I did not) that his last hour was near. A cold, heavy, desolate rain was falling when I left him, which lasted all that day, but the next morning was beautifully clear and bright. I thought that I should find him better, but when, unaware of what had happened, I entered his chamber, all things were in order, and he was dead. His grave is in Chelsea, Massachusetts.

Is there any reason why readers of the present day should care to hear of him? I think there is. He was the first among American journalists to establish in our press the French custom of the Dramatic Feuilleton. Many writers of this period are, without being aware of it, following an example that was set by him—writing about the stage and society in a facetious, satirical vein, striving to lighten heavy or barren themes with playful banter, and to gild the dreariness of criticism with the glitter of wit. Wilkins not only attempted that task, but he accomplished it. His writings are buried in the files of the Herald, the Saturday Press, and the Leader, and they are buried forever. His comedy called Young New York survives. Laura Keene produced it in the autumn of 1856, and herself acted in it, as also did George Jordan, Charles Wheatleigh and Tom Johnston, three of the most expert comedians that have adorned the theatre in our time. Wilkins had a hand in other dramatic compositions, and he was instrumental in bringing upon our stage the first version that was acted in America of Les Pattes des Mouche, the most charming of Sardou's comedies—originally produced by Wallack under the name of Henriette; now widely known and popular as A Scrap of Paper. He did not habitually frequent Pfaff's Cave, but he often came there, and his presence afforded a signal contrast with that of some of our companions.

The group, seldom complete, included Clapp, Howland, Wilkins, O'Brien, George Arnold, Frank Wood, Charles Dawson Shanly, N. G. Shepherd, Charles D. Gardette,

Walt Whitman, Thomas Blades de Walden, W. L. Symonds, T. B. Aldrich, Edward Mullen, and the writer of these words. Once in a while, at night, the table became surrounded. One such occasion I recall, when the humorist Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne) made his first appearance there, accompanied by an acquaintance whose name he mentioned, and whom, with reassuring words, he gleefully commended to take a seat. "Don't be afraid," he said; "they won't hurt you: these are Bohemians—a Bohemian is an educated hoss-thief!" On another such occasion, Mr. W. D. Howells, now the voluminous and celebrated novelist—he whose effulgent criticism has, to the consternation of the literary world, dimmed the shining stars of Scott and Thackeray—came into the Cave, especially, as afterward was divulged, for the purpose of adoring the illustrious Whitman. Mr. Howells at that time was a respectable youth, in black raiment, who had only just entered on the path to glory, while Whitman, by reason of that odoriferous classic, Leaves of Grass, was in possession of the local Parnassus. The meeting, of course, was impressive. Walt, at that time, affected the Pompadour style of shirt and jacket—making no secret of his brawny anatomy—and his hirsute chest and complacent visage were, as usual, on liberal exhibition, and he tippled a little brandy and water and received his admirer's homage with his characteristic benignity. There is nothing like genius—unless possibly it may be leather.

Little Cash, but Plenty of Brains

I HAVE seen a singular reference to that momentous occasion, written and published, in later years, by the renowned Mr. Howells. "At one moment of the orgy" (so runs that reference), "which went but slowly for an orgy, we were joined by some belated Bohemians, whom the others made a great clamor over. I was given to understand they were just recovered from a fearful debauch; their locks were still damp from the wet towels used to restore them, and their eyes were very frenzied. I was presented to these types, who neither said nor did anything worthy of their awful appearance, but dropped into seats at the table and ate of the supper with an appetite that seemed poor. I stayed, hoping vainly for worse things, until eleven o'clock, and then I rose and took my leave of a literary condition that had distinctly disappointed me."

The fine fancy and fertile invention that have made Mr. Howells so resplendently famous were never better exemplified than in those remarkable words; for, as a matter of fact, no such incidents occurred, either then or at any other time, nor did the great novelist ever see them except in his "mind's eye." Fancy is both a wonderful faculty for a writer of fiction and a sweet boon for the reader of it. I have regretted the absence of Mr. Howells from a casual festival which occurred in Pfaff's Cave, much about the time of his advent there, when the lads (those tremendous revelers!) drank each a glass of beer in honor of the birthday of Henry Clapp, and when he might, for once, have felt the ravishing charm of Walt Whitman's colossal eloquence. It fell to the lot of that Great Bard, I remember, to propose the health of the Prince of Bohemia, which he did in the following marvelous words: "That's *the feller!*" It was my privilege to hear that thrilling deliverance, and to admire and applaud that superb orator. Such amazing emanations of intellect seldom occur, and it seems indeed a pity that this one should not have had Mr. Howells to embroider it with his ingenious fancy and embalm it in the amber of his veracious rhetoric. Sad to relate, he was not present; and, equally sad to relate, the "types" whom he met at Pfaff's Cave, and with whom he was "distinctly disappointed," were quite as "distinctly disappointed" with him. They thought him a prig.

The custom of detraction, which has been exceedingly prevalent in American criticism from the time of the hounds that barked upon the track of Edgar Poe, is not only pernicious but ridiculous, and it is right and desirable that protest should be made against it. The men of whom I am writing had faults, no doubt, and many of them: all the angels, of course, lived in Boston at that time, and were marshaled by Frank Underwood around the Atlantic Monthly; but those old comrades of mine were not sots, nor were they given to "debauchery." Most of them were poor, and they were poorly paid. As an example, I will mention that for my poem of After All, which has since found its way into almost every compilation of verse made within the last fifty years, I received three dollars—and was glad to receive so much. Revelry requires money, and at the time Mr. Howells met those Bohemians—with the "damp locks" and the "frenzied eyes"—it is probable that the group did not possess enough money among them all to buy a quart bottle of champagne. Furthermore they were writers of remarkable ability, and they were under the stringent necessity of working continually and very hard; and it seems pertinent to suggest that such a poem, for instance, as George Arnold's Old Pedagogue, or Fitz-James O'Brien's Ode in Commemoration of Kane, or Charles Dawson Shanly's Walker of the Snow, is not to be produced from the stimulation of alcohol. Literature is a matter of brains, not drugs. It would be equally just and sensible for American criticism to cherish American literature, and to cease from carping about the infirmities, whether actual or putative, of persons dead and gone, who can no longer defend themselves.

His Deafness, I Observed, Became Peculiarly Dense on Occasions When He Did Not Wish to Hear

It would be idle to allege that complete harmony existed among those vagrant comrades of mine—for complete harmony among votaries of any form of art has never yet existed, and, indeed, it is impossible. Nevertheless, there was a sentiment of fraternity among those Bohemian writers, such as I have not since observed. George Arnold was the most entirely beloved member of that group. His manly character, his careless good humor, his blithe temperament, his personal beauty and his winning manners made him attractive to everybody. His numerous stories have not been collected, but his poems survive, and their fluent, melodious blending of rueful mirth and tender feeling with lovely tints of natural description, constituting an irresistible charm, have commended them to a wide circle of readers. One of the saddest days of my life was the day when we laid him in his grave in Greenwood. Another much-loved companion was Shanly, of whose writings scarce any record exists—modest, silent, patient, reticent—everything that is meant by the name of gentleman. His poems, called The Briar-Wood Pipe and Rifleman, Shoot Me a Fancy Shot, ought long to preserve his memory, and perhaps they will. To him it was a matter of indifference. I have never known a writer who was so absolutely careless of literary reputation; indeed, it was not until after we had been acquainted for several months that I learned that he had written anything. He never spoke to me of his writings till, at the last, when, in 1875, he was leaving New York for Florida (where he died, April 14, that year), he asked me to act as his literary executor, in case any publisher should care to put forth a book of them. Symonds, who then was devoting his brilliant intellect, spiritual enthusiasm and comprehensive learning to the service of Appleton's Cyclopædia, did not often join us; but, whenever he came, his gentle presence was a blessing. The contrasts of personality thus exhibited were full of interest. Perhaps the most abrupt of them was that afforded by the restful, indolent, elegant demeanor of Wilkins and the vital, breezy, exuberant demeanor of Fitz-James O'Brien—the most representative Bohemian writer whom it has been my fortune to know. Something of him was said in a previous paper in this series, but something still remains to be said, because his achievement, alike in poetry and romance, was extraordinary and such as well deserves commemoration.

The Black Eye and the Lost Steamship

JOHN BROUGHAM, the comedian, expressed to me the opinion that O'Brien never cared much for any person with whom he did not quarrel, and as both of them were Irishmen that opinion, perhaps, was correct. O'Brien sometimes involved himself, or became involved, in quarrels, proceeding to physical violence. Persons whom he disliked he would not recognize, and in the expression of opinion, especially as to questions of literary art, he was explicit. Candor of judgment, indeed, relative to literary product, was the inveterate custom of that Bohemian group. Unmerciful chaff pursued the perpetrator of any piece of writing that impressed those persons as trite, conventional, artificial, laboriously solemn or insincere; and they never spared each other from ridicule. It was a salutary experience for young writers, because it habituated them to the custom not only of speaking the truth, as they understood it, about the writings of their associates, but of hearing the truth, as others understood it, about their own productions. "I greatly like your poem of Orgia," O'Brien said to me, "and I like it all the more because I did not think you could write anything so good."

The quarrels in which O'Brien participated were more often pugilistic than literary; contests into which he plunged with Celtic delight in the tempest of combat. He was constitutionally valorous, but, as his valor lacked discretion and he did not hesitate to engage with giants, he was usually defeated. He came into the Cave late one night, I remember, adorned with a black eye, which had been bestowed upon him by a casual antagonist on Broadway, because of a difference of opinion respecting the right of passage on the sidewalk; and, producing from one pocket a vial with a leech in it, which—concealed in a white handkerchief—he applied to the region of his damaged optic, he produced from another pocket the manuscript of a poem that he said he had that evening written (his residence, then, was the old Hone House), called The Lost Steamship; and he read that poem to our circle in a magnificent manner, with all the passionate vigor, all the weird feeling, and all the tremor of haunted imagination that its tragical theme requires.

Warrior as Well as Poet

A STEAMSHIP had recently been wrecked on the Atlantic coast, with much loss of life. The poem is the story of the disaster, and that story is told, to a fisherman on the shore, by a person who seems, at first, to be the only survivor of the wreck. That speaker declares that all on board the ship were drowned—the last man to go down with her being the second mate; then, suddenly, he stands revealed as the ghost of that mariner, the final victim engulfed by the sea. I have heard many readings: I have never heard one in which afflicting reality, hysterical excitement, shuddering dread and tremulous pathos were so strangely blended as they were in O'Brien's reading of his Lost Steamship.

Poor O'Brien's combats were, no doubt, serious enough to him, but to most of his associates they seemed comical. His Waterloo, as a fistic belligerent—a defeat which befell on June 14, 1858, at the New York Hotel—was, as to some of its results, playfully indicated to me by the surgeon who attended the damaged warrior immediately after the battle. "He looked" (so wrote that humorous friend) "like Cruikshank's picture of 'the man wot wun the fight.' Never have I seen the human nose more completely comminated than in my patient's case. Even his tailor wouldn't have recognized him. I remember that nose particularly, on account of his urgent solicitude that I should make it slightly aquiline, but avoid the Israelitish extreme. Romans rather than Hebrews furnished his text."

As We Rode He Kept Repeating the Words of the Song

O'Brien is here portrayed as he was after his incorrigible gipsylike wildness of temperament had asserted absolute control over his conduct. He had not always been reckless; he had not always been environed with difficulties. The beginning of his literary career, as proved by the number and variety of his contributions to New York magazines and papers, was signalized by steadily ambitious effort and fertile industry—not wholly unrewarded. The poet, George Arnold, who met him before I did, wrote: "When I first knew O'Brien, in 1856-1857, he had elegant rooms; a large and valuable library; piles of manuscripts; dressing-cases; pictures; a wardrobe of much

(Concluded on Page 23)

YOUR SAVINGS

The Facts About Receivers' Certificates

DURING such a year as the present one, when eight important railroads, including, among others, the Seaboard Air Line, the Western Maryland, the International and Great Northern, and the Chicago Great Western, have gone into the hands of receivers, it is natural for people, and especially investors, to be interested in the various methods of affording financial relief for embarrassed roads. The principal form is embodied in what is known as receivers' certificates, and, in view of the fact that they present a favorable opportunity for investment at the same time, their character will be explained this week

Just as bonds represent the security issued by railroads to secure funds in good times, so do receivers' certificates represent the security issued in times of depression or stringency following a panic. There is no mention of them in the English, Scotch or Irish court records. They are of American origin and appear to be employed exclusively in this country. They have figured in American litigation since the sixties, and reached their largest volume in the trying period between 1893 and 1899, when so many of our important railroads, including the Santa Fe, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Reading went into bankruptcy. Most of these roads issued certificates, and they were of vast service, especially in the case of the Baltimore and Ohio, in reconstructing the roads.

How They are Issued

The process of issuing a receivers' certificate is simply this: a railroad becomes financially embarrassed on account of decreased earnings, mismanagement, extravagance or some other cause. It cannot pay interest on its bonds or discharge its obligations. As a result, one or more creditors take its affairs into court and have a receiver or receivers appointed. Henceforth the road is under the jurisdiction of the court. The receivers, as agents of the court, take charge. Their business is to wind it up or to make some disposition that will continue operation through a reorganization.

In the case of a manufacturing establishment it is easy to wind up its affairs, for there are usually a good many other plants turning out the same product. But with a railroad it is different. In most cases the road traverses a populous and thriving country, and the people and the freight of that region must be moved. To stop the railroad would be almost to stop business. Hence it is important that the cars be kept moving.

But it also happens that the receivers need money for immediate expenses. In order to keep the road going they must pay wages, perhaps buy new cars, build new tracks or pay the interest on the bonds of subsidiary lines which are part of the system. The receivers cannot go to bankers and straight off borrow the money for these purposes, because the bankers will not lend funds to a bankrupt road without receiving good security. This security is obtained by the issuance of receivers' certificates. Since receivers are named by court and act under court orders, the whole process of bringing out these certificates becomes a court proceeding.

Usually the receivers first find bankers who are willing to underwrite the issue (they are underwritten just like bonds), and then petition the court for permission to issue the certificates. When the court is satisfied that there is ample need for the securities, and is informed of the purpose for which the proceeds are to be used, a decree is entered authorizing the issue

This decree is a very important document, and the investor who buys a receivers' certificate as an investment should be careful to read it thoroughly. It sets forth the terms and conditions of the issue and specifies the property on which the certificates are claims

In form a receivers' certificate is very much like a bond, for it is a promise to pay and has interest coupons attached. It must bear the signature of the clerk of the court authorizing the issue. But instead of being an obligation of the road, it is an obligation of the receivers, as the following opening sentence, taken from the usual form of receivers' certificates, shows:

"This is to certify that the undersigned (here come the names of the receivers), as receivers for the Blank Railroad, but not individually, for value received, are indebted to the bearer hereof, in the sum of one thousand dollars, payable at the financial agency of the receivers one year from date."

The certificate sometimes states just what its lien on the property is. Most certificates are transferable and may be registered as to principal. They are for short periods, ranging from one to three years. Thus they come within the field of short-term investments. They differ from short-term notes because they are secured, and most short-terms are simply promises to pay and are not secured. Many certificates have redemption clauses, which means that they may be redeemed or paid up after a certain time. They are usually taken up before reorganization. In case they are outstanding at reorganization the holder has the choice of cash or new securities.

Aside from the fact that it is a sort of court order having behind it the authority of the court, the most attractive feature of the receivers' certificate in the eyes of the investor is what might be called the priority or rank of its claim on the property. There is a general belief that the certificate comes ahead of all obligations. While this is true in many cases, it is not invariably so. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that receivers' certificates may be payable before first mortgage bonds on the ground that such a course is necessary for the preservation of a road. Many of the great railroad systems, however, are composed of a number of subsidiary lines. Each of these lines has its own first mortgage bonds. If the system is in trouble and the receivers issue certificates it is the usual custom to maintain the rank of the first mortgage bonds. Thus they come ahead of the receivers' certificates. The properties are always worth so much more than the claim represented by the first mortgage bonds that there is ample value left for the certificates.

The Investment Feature

The question naturally arises, Why buy the securities issued by a defunct road? In the first place the certificates have the protection of the court. Again, their high rank among the obligations affords ample security. In buying a receivers' certificate as an investment, however, the investor should take the same precautions as in any other kind of employment of savings or funds. He should first inquire into the value behind the certificate. If it is real estate he should find out just about what price it would bring in the market. It is important that he should know the terms under which the certificates are issued. The certificate must have no legal flaws, for litigation is always perilous to investment interests.

In many instances receivers' certificates are underwritten by large banking and investment houses, who make careful investigation. The names of these houses, if they are of high character and integrity, are usually a guarantee of the value of the investment.

Receivers' certificates are not widely held for the reason that the issues are comparatively few and small. They are often bought in large quantities by institutions that want to employ their funds over short periods. They get more from a certificate than they would get in a bank. Take the present time. Banks are paying 2 per cent., while the certificates would yield from 4¾ to 6 per cent.

Most receivers' certificates are of a denomination of one thousand dollars. The face interest rate is usually 5 or 6 per cent. For the purpose of illustration as types, and to show how they are usually secured, let us now see what the two best-known certificates on the market yield the investor.

Let us take first the Seaboard Air Line Railway 6 per cent. receivers' certificates. They are dated June 15, 1908, and mature June 1, 1911. Interest is payable quarterly. They are redeemable at the option of the receivers on and after December 1, 1908. The total issue is for $3,000,000

The proceeds of these certificates were devoted mainly to the payment of interest on first mortgage bonds of subsidiary lines. The operation of these lines is necessary to the operation of the system.

As a primary security the certificates are a first lien or claim on the net income derived from the operation by the receivers of all lines owned and operated by the Seaboard. The interest charge on the entire issue is $180,000 a year, while the net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1908 (four months estimated), and which are applicable to the interest on these certificates, would be $1,100,971.

These certificates rank ahead of the mortgage on all the property of the Seaboard securing the issue of 4 per cent. bonds. At the time this article was written these certificates sold at par and interest, which would make the yield on them approximately 6 per cent.

Some Types of Certificates

Another type of certificate is the New York Street Railway and Metropolitan Street Railway 5 per cent. receivers' certificates of indebtedness. They are dated June 15, 1908, and mature June 15, 1909. Interest is payable semi-annually. The total issue is $3,500,000. The proceeds were used for the purchase of fifty new cars, to install sprinklers in the barns and for other urgent physical needs. They are a first lien on improved real estate in New York City which was assessed in 1907 for $6,445,000 and includes the company's main power-house. They are also a lien on the net income of the New York City Railway Company and its other properties, and on all equipment and other property purchased by the receivers, and upon the net income of all properties operated by the receivers, and on leases controlled by the receivers.

A significant paragraph in the court decree authorizing these certificates, and which is of interest to the investor, is the following.

"No further receivers' certificates creating any lien upon any of the property aforesaid shall be authorized or issued . . . unless the receivers' certificates authorized hereunder be expressly discharged in full."

Thus the holders of the certificates cannot suffer from an over-issue of similar securities.

On the day this article was written these certificates sold at 100¼ and interest, which would make the yield to the investor about 4¾ per cent.

The Real Trouble

WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH, who doesn't use his first name, has about as little of the traditional sensitiveness to failures as it is possible for a generally successful dramatist to get along with. He talks The Straight Road with all the enthusiasm that he brings to a reminiscence of Beau Brummell, and he has no objection to telling you of mirth that has been made at his own expense.

"I always had faith in my historical play, Nathan Hale, which, you may remember, we put on during the Spanish War," he said recently "I believe in that play, but nobody else seems altogether to agree with me.

"I recall with not a little pain how I sat in the almost empty theatre during one of its productions.

"Beside me at the time was one of the best-known, ablest and also frankest dramatic critics in New York, and to him I was trying to ease my mind.

"'I think,' I said, 'that we have put this play on at the wrong time. Nobody wants to go to the theatre in war-time.'

"My friend looked at me and shook his head sagely.

"'No, Fitch,' he answered. 'The trouble is not the war, but the piece.'"

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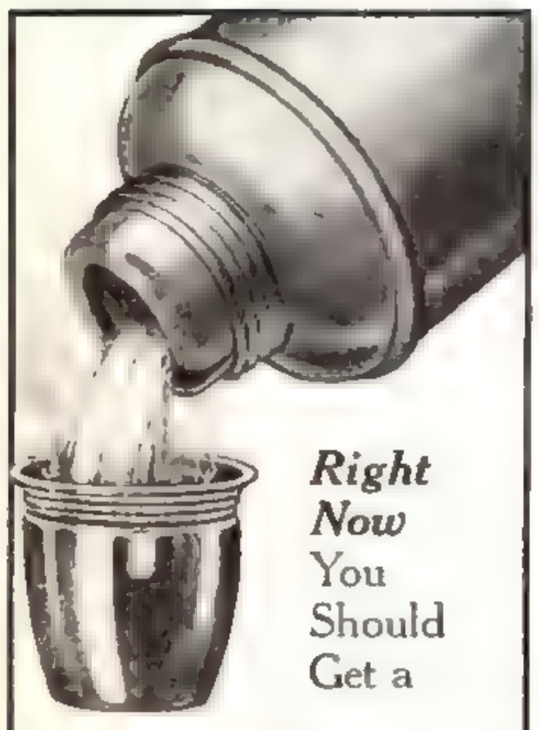

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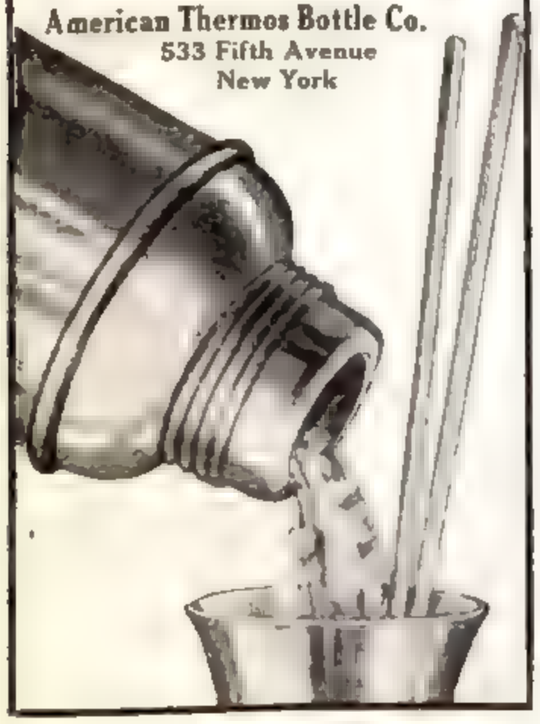

Speculation—By Our Readers

Where Fools Rush In

MY EXPERIENCE as a speculator in stocks carried on margin began about December, 1900, when the great boom following President McKinley's reëlection was fairly under way. It ended with the panic occasioned by the corner in Northern Pacific on May 9, 1901.

When I first went into the Street I was worth about eight thousand dollars—all invested in first mortgages on improved real estate. It happened that one of these mortgages, amounting to four thousand dollars, was paid off, and I decided to buy outright fifty shares of Atchison as an investment, the quoted price at the time, if my memory serves me, being about eighty.

I went to a friend of mine who had lately been installed as manager of a local branch of a Stock Exchange house of excellent repute. He succeeded in imbuing me with the spirit of speculation then rife, and persuaded me to buy one hundred shares instead of fifty, which the house, of course, was only too happy to carry for me.

The manager's chief outlook was his commission account, and I was soon convinced that Union Pacific was much more desirable than Atchison, and two hundred shares much more profitable to carry than one hundred.

I made two or three very good turns, as who could help doing in such a market, and, being now firmly convinced of my own prowess, I converted the balance of my mortgages into cash and started in to show Mr. Keene and the rest how the game should be played.

I believe that in those four months I bought and sold half the active stocks on the list. Amalgamated, Rock Island, Missouri Pacific, People's Gas, Manhattan Elevated, Pennsylvania, Chicago Terminal, United States Steel (then a new name on the list), and a number of others. I knew nothing of the earning power or intrinsic merits of the companies whose stock I traded in, but bought and sold blindly, on the strength of the tips I heard on every hand.

The morning of May ninth found me about two thousand dollars to the good and long of five hundred shares of stock. The end was sudden, but not painless. I will omit the ghastly details. As I had a pretty good position I did not become a public charge, but although I have had seven years to recoup, I doubt very much if I could raise the price of that original fifty shares of Atchison, which I never bought, but which proved my undoing.

I regard a broad market for the stocks and bonds of our great railroad and industrial corporations, such as Wall and State Streets offer, as an absolute essential to our prosperity, and the fools who rush in haphazard to speculate in values of which they know nothing get what they deserve.

—H. A. T.

The Handshaker's Part

HEARING on every hand about the fortunes made in Wall Street, I decided, upon being graduated from college, to devote myself to finance. With this end in view I secured a position with a first-class New York Stock Exchange house, finally becoming the "handshaker" for the firm—that is, "manager" of the customers' room. So I had an exceptional opportunity to size up the stock business. The chief duties of the manager are to meet customers when they visit the office; tell them how the market is acting, the latest news from the news-tickers and the gossip of the Street. But the real duties are to get business for the house. This necessity ultimately drives a man into making friends in order to get customers.

One day a most peculiar man came to the office. He was about forty-five years of age, dressed in a faded cutaway coat, high-water trousers and an East Side, low-crown, derby hat. He carried a green cotton umbrella, one of those bulky boys. In a high, squeaky voice he said that he knew our Milwaukee house and would like to open an account.

Of course we were all smiles, for here was a new "sucker." Especially did we think this after he had asked for the use of our private office for a few minutes, and there, to our astonishment, took a roll of eight thousand dollars in bills from his sock. It turned out that he was a grain speculator and watched the grain ticker and weather map like a hawk, the latter during the spring when "highs" and "lows" over Kansas and Nebraska had an influence in forecasting the weather affecting the growing crop. By careful trading and watching the ticker he managed to make a living out of the market; but he said he envied us boys who had a steady salary and position.

One day while in Boston he called us up on the long-distance telephone to make an inquiry about the grain market. One of the "handshakers," thinking to get a commission out of him, said, "We hear that Southern Pacific is going up; you had better get aboard." He answered, "All right; buy me a hundred at the market." The stock was bought, but he never saw daylight on his purchase, for the market declined steadily afterward, and, by the time he got back from Boston, it showed a heavy loss. The man who had advised its purchase had no special knowledge about the stock, but simply took a chance, knowing that the market had only two ways to go, and it "might" go up, in which case, besides making twenty-five dollars in commissions for the house, he would be patted on the back for his good judgment. If the market went down, as it did, he would still make twenty-five dollars.

I venture to say that ninety-nine per cent. of the speculations on the New York Stock Exchange are based on such so-called "tips." The "handshaker" has got to get the business to keep his position and salary, and this can only be done by "touting" people into the market. So he draws on the "dope" sheets of the professional tipsters and his own feelings, and gives positive information to the bleating lamb that the Standard Oil is putting up St. Paul or that Harriman is "bulling" Union Pacific. The lamb buys the stock, the broker gets the commission, and then the lamb worries his heart out as he sees his one-thousand-dollar margin jumping around in value. Now it has increased to eleven hundred dollars, then declined to nine hundred and fifty dollars, then nine hundred dollars, eight hundred dollars, and then back to eight hundred and fifty dollars, and then it takes the "toboggan" to three hundred dollars, upon which the broker calls for margins and sells the customer out if they are not forthcoming, the whole speculation being based on the handshaker's "feeling" that stocks ought to go up.

Men of affairs who will not play poker at home, and are shocked at the mention of faro and roulette, which any old-timer will tell you are easier to beat than the stock market, think they are using business judgment when they try to make money on a ten-point margin.

Consider Union Pacific during the last two years, and the chances a man with a ten-point margin would have had with it:

At High Point—100 Union Pacific at $195	$19,500
At Low Point—100 Union Pacific at $100	10,000
Decline in value in two years on one hundred shares	$ 9,500

or 9½ times a ten-point margin. At this writing the stock is selling around one hundred and forty-five dollars per share, or fourteen thousand five hundred dollars for one hundred shares. Any one with common-sense can see that with such fluctuations a ten-point margin has no more chance in an active market than a brush dam in a Jamestown flood.

One of the causes for this kind of speculating on a margin is that a broker's commission is only 12½ cents per share, and it does not pay to do small-lot business. The one-thousand-dollar margin would only buy ten shares outright and net the broker but $1.25 for buying and $1.25 for selling, whereas that same amount as margin on one hundred shares yields the broker $12.50 each way, besides interest on the balance, the net result being that for any given amount of money a speculator on ten-point margin multiplies his profits by ten and his losses by ten over those that would occur were he to buy the stock outright and take it home. The broker, on his side, multiplies his commission by ten over what he would receive were he to do an investment business. —L. M. S.

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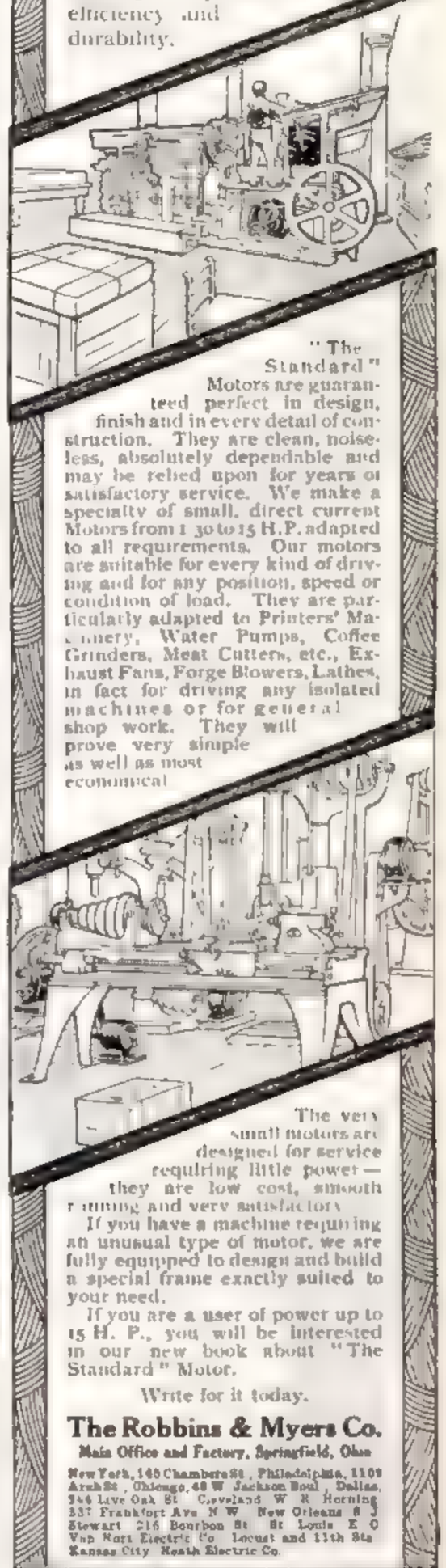

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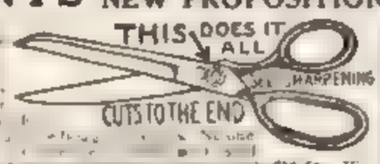

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IF I SHOULD DIE NEXT WEEK—By HUGH C. WEIR

IF *YOU* had but one day—one week—to live, how would you spend it? If you knew that but seven days of life were left you, how would you use them? If on this day, this hour, one week hence, you were fated to breathe your last, and you were assured there was no escape, what would be your program of action?

This was the query which a recent post took from my desk to fifty of the most prominent men whom I could pick from the current roster of celebrities. From all walks of life I selected my names—the circle verging from the pulpit to the stage. Governors, senators, lawyers, novelists, ministers, actors were all included. Many I knew would not answer. Others I felt would respond to the very boldness of the query.

Nor was I disappointed. Curious answers I received, as curious as the question itself—serious, humorous, cynical, gay.

Chauncey M. Depew
United States Senator from New York

IF I HAD but one week to live, how would I spend it? Your inquiry seems rather pertinent to a septuagenarian.

First, I would make my peace with Heaven, as I was taught by my mother, according to the ways of Calvin and the Westminster Confession.

Second, I would so arrange my affairs that courts and litigants could not divide my estate.

Third, I would revisit the home scenes of childhood and youth, and spend a few hours under the elms of Yale recalling with classmates and other alumni of my period the happiest days of one's life, his four years at Alma Mater.

Fourth, I would invite to dinner those who have written the most vicious and nastiest things about me. They would come if sure that I was to die within the time, and, while disliking each other, we would unite in endeavoring to neutralize past vitriol with present honey.

Then, with those I love and who love me, the world and its cares forgotten, the closing hours should glide swiftly, cheerfully and sweetly by in story and song, in reminiscence and in soul communion—the parting here a foretaste of the meeting beyond.

The Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady

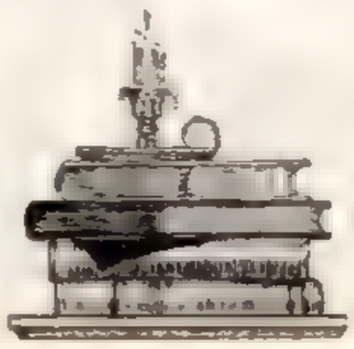
IF I HAD but one week to live I should set my business affairs in order to obviate troubles for those I should leave behind who are dependent upon me. I should endeavor so to conduct myself that they might have sweet and happy memories of me, repairing, so far as possible, in that brief space, the errors and omissions of a lifetime. And then, as I am a minister of Christ, I should make one tremendous effort, so long as I had breath, to impress upon men the truth of that Gospel in which I have tried to live and which I fondly trust will enable me to face even death itself with something of the spirit of the Great Apostle, who said, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Robert Edeson

YOUR query reminds me very much of a negro story. The answer to which is: "We'd better adjourn dis meeting, parson, or some fool will tell you de truth."

The Reverend Charles F. Aked, D. D.
Minister of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church New York

I SHOULD not make the slightest difference in my way of living, except that I should try to spend a little more time in my own home, with those who love me best. I should see to it that no small matter of business needing my personal attention was left over to cause embarrassment to other people. But, for the rest, I should go my way, eating and drinking, reading and visiting, preaching and praying, quite satisfied that the next life is this life carried on without break, but under other and better conditions. I am strongly of the opinion that I shall have work to do in the next life, and if that opinion turns out to be correct then good work here is likely to help me to do better there.



David Warfield

I SHOULD busy myself in something, in an effort to forget "what some people would say," for my last attempt to satisfy my conscience. If it be true that "conscience makes cowards of us all" then it must be satisfying, in this regard, to die a coward.

On the other hand, there is some courage in answering one's own conscience when "public opinion" disagrees!

Henry A. Buchtel
Governor of Colorado

IF I HAD but one week to live I would spend it precisely as I shall spend the week upon which we have just entered—that is, I would attend to every duty each day as I came to it. This will be a very busy week with me, as all weeks are, so I shall not have time to make a list of the things for you which I shall do. It goes without saying that I shall say my prayers each day, in harmony with habits which were formed when I was a boy.

Andrew L. Harris
Governor of Ohio

I DO not believe any one can foretell what he would do during the week preceding his death. He should live so that there would be no occasion for any change in any event.

James K. Vardaman
Governor of Mississippi

IF I HAD but one week yet to live, how would I spend it? My answer—in the service of my fellow-man.

Clarence S. Darrow

WHAT he would do if he had but one week to live no one can tell. What he ought to do is easier. I should hope I would spend the last week of my life like any other week. One week is as large a fraction of eternity as a thousand years. Whether life is long or short, there is nothing to do but get the most you can out of it, the last week the same as the rest.

I might possibly be able to crowd enough into the final spurt so as to wind up the week in three or four days ——

But what is the use of talking about such a subject anyhow?

John Kendrick Bangs

IF I HAD but one week yet to live, how would I spend it?

It would all depend upon the state of my health.

If I were ill I should probably spend it in bed reading the New York Evening Post, so that death would be welcome.

If I were in my present very excellent condition I should probably not believe the end so near and would go on just as I am now doing, working hard, playing hard, and doubting somewhat if Heaven could be more beautiful than this world or hell fuller of interesting people.

George Barr McCutcheon

IF I HAD but one week to live, how would I spend it? I have such an unholy horror of death that I can say, in perfect sincerity, that I should be compelled to spend that week in a madhouse. There is no sentiment in the situation as it appeals to me. I cannot even so much as imagine myself adhering to any set or prescribed purpose if I knew fully that I had but one week left of life. If there was one minute atom of hope that I might escape, I dare say I could be as bold as the murderer who expects the reprieve up to the time of the drop. But if there was *no chance* —— Well, I could not spend it in philosophizing.

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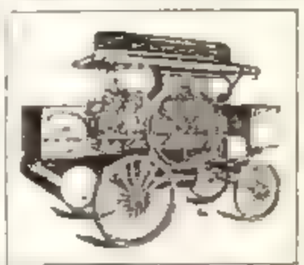

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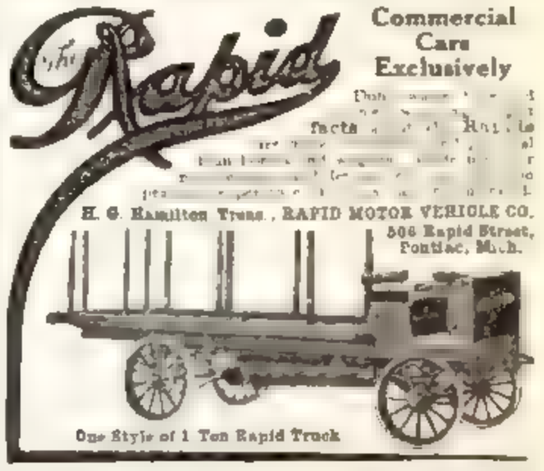

One Style of 1 Ton Rapid Truck

I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make a good [illegible]

Favorite Pens [illegible]

C. W. RANSOM
3884 Euclid Avenue, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell.

We Ship on Approval [illegible]

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Unbreakable unbendable
New [illegible] steel pins that penetrate any
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[illegible] Nickel Plate, Jet and Dull Black
[illegible] 14K Rolled Gold, 14K Rolled Plate
Price, Nickel, Jet, or Dull Black, 4 sizes 10 cents 14K Gold Plate, 4 sizes, 25 cents
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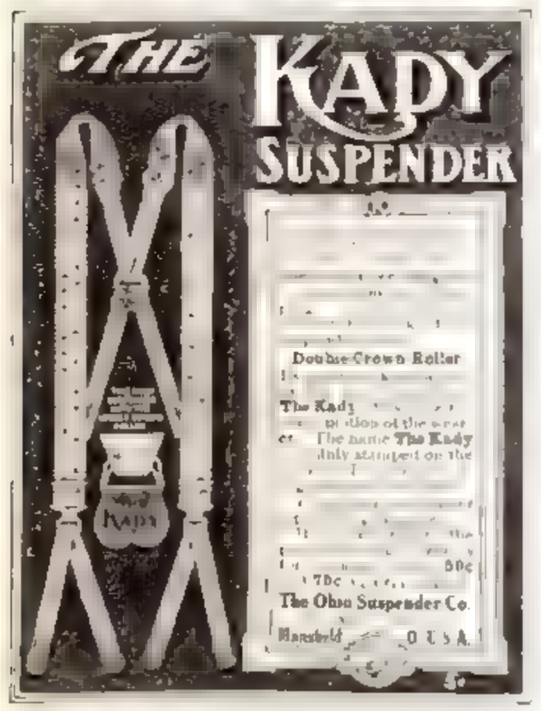
Consolidated Safety Pin Company
28 Farrand Street Bloomfield, N. J.

The Minnow That Swims

A "live" bait that you can carry in your tackle-box—the K & K Animated Minnow

A perfect stained Minnow [illegible]
movement of a live Minnow [illegible] trolling or [illegible]
Made in [illegible] Use the proper size [illegible]
[illegible] dealer cannot supply you [illegible]
on receipt of price. King of Casting Bait, $1.00 Minnowette, $1.00. New [illegible]

K & K MFG. CO., 105 St. Clair St., TOLEDO, O.

6%

Your money should earn six per cent, per annum. Please write for booklet "S" which tells all about the Certificates of Deposit issued by this bank

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS MONT

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Concluded from Page 19

splendor; and all sorts of knickknackery, such as young bachelors love to collect." Other persons, since dead, who knew him soon after his arrival in New York, in 1852, have described him to me as a man of uncommonly attractive aspect, making mention of his athletic figure, genial face, fair complexion, pleasing smile, waving brown hair and winning demeanor. When I first met him a change had occurred, alike in his person and his circumstances. His countenance bore a slight trace of rough usage; his hair, close cropped, had begun to be a little thin; but his expressive gray-blue eyes were clear and brilliant; his laughter was bluff and breezy; his voice was strong and musical; his manner was gay—and he was a cheerful companion—making the most of To-day, and caring not at all for To-morrow.

In a letter to me, written in 1880, Aldrich, in his serio-comic way, mentions facts about O'Brien that help to make more distinct the image of his erratic personality and the story of his wayward career.

I made O'Brien's acquaintance in 185[illegible]. He once told me he was graduated from Dublin University, and that, on leaving college, he inherited from his father some $40,000, all of which he handsomely spent, in the course of two years, in London.

The article (about O'Brien) I prepared for Harper's Weekly, in 1862, was returned to me. I distinctly remember my disgust. The manuscript which lay in a drawer of my worktable for two or three years afterward, was either lost or destroyed at the time 1865 I moved to Boston.

In the years 1858-1859 O'Brien and I were very intimate—we never let a day pass without meeting. I recollect that I treated this period in detail in the missing paper. I wish you had it, or that I could lay hold of the ghost of it in my memory.

I inclose to you, as a curiosity, the first letter I ever received from O'Brien. It is the only instance I know of his signing himself "Fitz-James *de Courcy* O'Brien." You know he was "Baron Inchiquin," or something of the sort. I used to call him Baron Linchpin when we were merry.

The merriest days depress me most when I look back to them—as compensation. I can smile at the saddest I half smile as I recall how hurt I was on an occasion when O'Brien borrowed $35 of me to pay a pressing bill, and, instead of paying the bill, gave a little dinner at Delmonico's, to which he did *not* invite *me!* Arnold and Clapp were there, and perhaps you. *I gave that dinner!*

Did O'Brien ever finish a short serial story, The Red Petticoat, which he began in some New York newspaper? I read the opening chapters, in proof slips, but don't remember that I ever saw any more of it. There was a fine description of "a run" on a shabby Bowery bank, in the first chapter. The picture of the grim, half-insane crowd hurling itself against the bank doors lingers in my memory as something wonderfully good.

O'Brien was not the heir to a title, nor did he pretend to be. The clever, piquant, tart, and rather malicious writer, Charles F. Briggs, once prominent in New York journalism as "Harry Franko," originated and published the incorrect statement—which was accepted by Aldrich and by others—that O'Brien was a relative of Smith O'Brien, at one time conspicuous as an Irish "agitator," and was heir to the title borne by Smith O'Brien's brother, Lord Inchiquin. Fitz-James' father was a lawyer: his mother's maiden name was de Courcy. The story of The Scarlet Petticoat (not Red) was begun in a paper called Leslie's Stars and Stripes, published, for a few months, in 1859, but it was not completed. Some of O'Brien's writings have not been found. In 1881 I caused the publication of a volume of his works, containing forty-three poems and thirteen stories; and of his writings that I have collected, from various sources, for a companion volume, there are thirty pieces in prose and fifteen in verse, besides several plays and many interesting fragments—material enough to make a book of more than five hundred pages.

O'Brien's letter to Aldrich, who was then sub-editor of the New York Home Journal, is characteristic in its playful vein, and a part of it seems worthy of preservation:

WAVERLY HOUSE, MADISON, N. J.
Sept. (something or other),
Dear Sir: Tuesday.

I send you a poem. If I finish another before I go to bed to-night I will enclose it also. If you do not find it, conclude that it is not finished. The one I send you is a ballad, horrible and indigestible.

Make such corrections as you think fit, preserving carefully, at the same time, the language, spelling, punctuation and arrangement of the verses. Anything else that you find "out of kilter" you can alter.

Seriously, if you can improve, do it fearlessly. It is the Augur who speaks to Tarquin: "Cut boldly"; an *augur* who trusts that he does *bore*.

Paradox as it may seem, "the Fall" has already arisen. I saw her veil fluttering on the hills the other day, and some of the earliest and most servile of the trees have already put on her livery. Come out and be presented.

Yours sincerely,
FITZ-JAMES DE COURCY O'BRIEN

O'Brien had a presentiment of his early and violent death. A letter to me, from the clever and kindly artist, Albert R. Waud, long since dead, who was in his company "at the front," intimates this in words that make a significant picture:

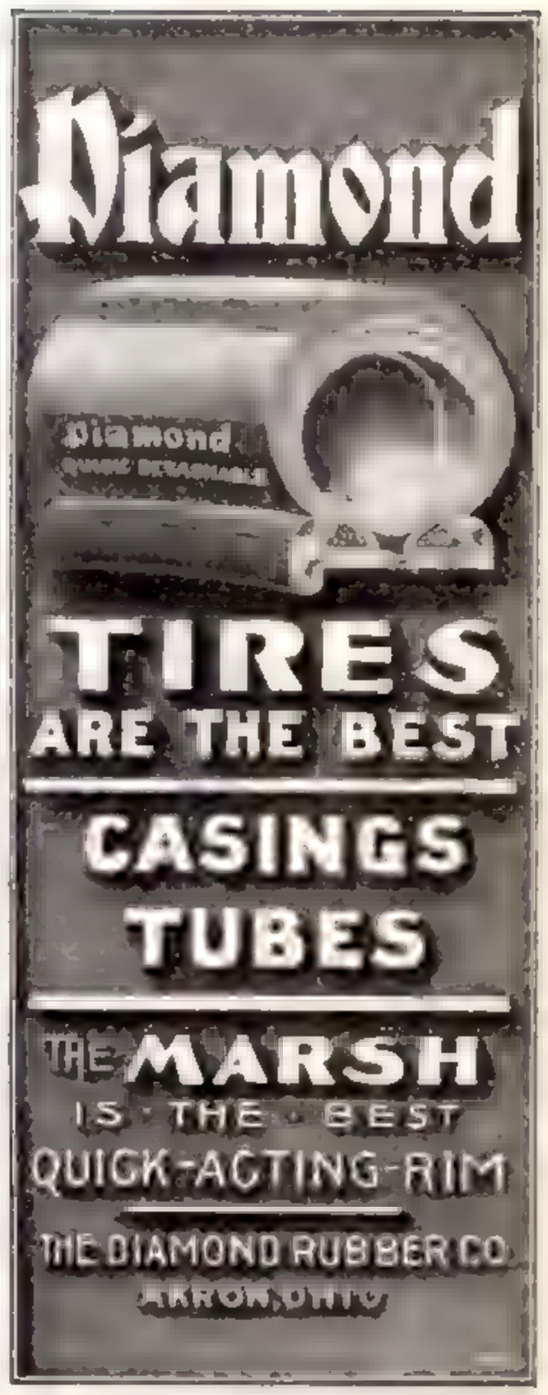
After O'Brien became Aid on Lander's staff a feeling took possession of him that he would not long survive the commission; under its influence he became, at times, strangely softened. His buoyant epicureanism partly deserted him. He showed greater consideration for others and was less convivial than was his wont.

One night I rode with him to the camp of the First Massachusetts Battery, where the evening passed pleasantly with cigars and punch. Some one sang the song, from Don Cæsar de Bazan, Then Let Me Like a Soldier Die. Next morning he started to join the General (Lander) at Harper's Ferry. As we rode he kept repeating the words of the song; said he appreciated it the more as he had a presentiment that he should be shot before long. He would not be rallied out of it, but remarked that he was content; and, when we parted, said good-by as cheerfully as need be.

I heard afterward that medical incompetence had more to do with his death than the wound.

There is a temptation, which must be resisted, to linger on the theme of days before Black Care had claimed acquaintance—of days when Hope beckoned and Youth replied—and of vagrant comrades as heedless and merry as the white caps of the sea. Enough, however, has been said to indicate the character of a peculiar period of literary transition in the chief city of America—"that unfriendly time" for letters, as the poet Stedman called it, who had dwelt in it and closely observed it—a period when the age of Annuals and Keepsakes and Friendship's Offerings had not quite passed away, and when the epoch of free thinking and bold expression had not become entirely established. The propulsive influence of that period, greatly broadened and strengthened, are splendidly operative now, and the hard vicissitudes of such a career as that of O'Brien would be needless or impossible to-day. Poet, romancer, wanderer, soldier, he sang his song, he told his story, he met his fate like a brave man, giving his life for his adopted land, and dying—with much promise unfulfilled—when only thirty-four years old. As I turn away from his grave I turn away, likewise, from the whole strange scene of vagrant literary life. The gipsy camp is broken. The music is hushed. The fires are put out. The gipsies are all gone. There is no Bohemia any more, nor ever will be, except in luxury's lap or imagination's dream.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Winter's articles reminiscent of famous persons.



SHIBBOLETH!!

Webster says: The Criterion of a party; that which distinguishes one [illegible] peculiarity
[illegible] Criterion" of Quality in Neckwear is [illegible] Neckwear made of our Standard Barathea Silk
[illegible] peculiarity [illegible] neckwear to [illegible] direct to [illegible] wearer [illegible] wearer
[illegible] Distinguishing [illegible] feature [illegible]
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Columbia [illegible] garnet purple [illegible]

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

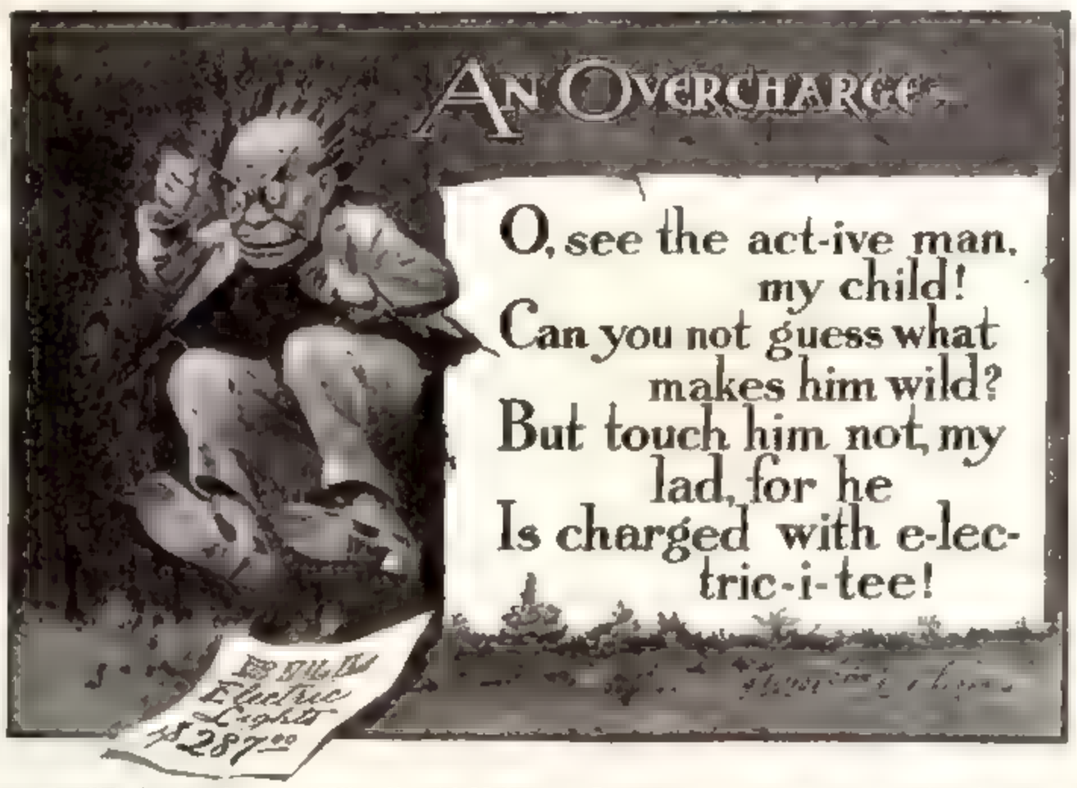
The Author of The Shuttle

DURING the summer season Frances Hodgson Burnett lives very quietly at Port Washington, Long Island, in a large cottage which she shares with her son Vivian, who is the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Some of her friends say that one reason why it is her custom to go back to England before Christmas is to maintain her somewhat remarkable record of having crossed the ocean twice every year for years.

Commenting on this, as well as on her nationality, recently, Mrs. Burnett said: "Because I am English by birth and American by sort of adoption, and because I have vibrated between the two continents for years, I have learned to be impersonal and unpartisan. I am merely an intensely interested person who formed the habit of crossing the ocean twice a year."

There has been a somewhat interesting discussion of Mrs. Burnett's nationality. She was born in Manchester, England. When she was quite young her family came to the United States and went to live with one of her brothers, near Knoxville, Tennessee. During those years the Burnetts suffered many hardships. Since that time Mrs. Burnett has lived in many places. At different times she has owned half a dozen English homes. She owns a fine old country seat in Kent. Here she has a beautiful garden. It was here that she planned her book, The Shuttle, the original title of which, by the way, was The Destinies of Bettina.

Mrs. Burnett is a very slow and conscientious worker. She writes all her stories out by long hand first. She has not yet fallen to the dictation habit.


An Overcharge
O, see the act-ive man, my child!
Can you not guess what makes him wild?
But touch him not, my lad, for he
Is charged with e-lec-tric-i-tee!
Electric Light $287.00

Firelight

Summer and love and you, dear;
Summer and love and you!
What would the warm skies do, dear,
But for your eyes of blue?
How are the roses red, dear,
But for your parted lips?
Does not the garden blossom
At touch of your finger-tips?
Is not the whole world gladder
Just for a heart so true?—
Summer and love and you, dear;
Summer and love and you!

Nay, but the summer passes:
See how the skies grow gray;
See how the red rose petals
Wither and fall away;
There is our stricken garden,
Barren in twig and bough:
Where are the flowers hidden?
Where is our gladness now?

Where? I shall tell you, dearest:
Here in our solitude,
Here is the flowers' Heaven,
Here is our joy renewed;
Back in the ruined garden
Only our sorrow lies—
All of the stars are shining
Still in your starry eyes;
So, though the distant world, dear,
Sorrows the winter through,
Here it is always summer:
Summer and love and you!

A Change of Raiment

BARON NELSON, the owner of the Kansas City Star, came to Washington a time ago to attend a dinner. Next morning he was observed looking at his trousers with curious regard in the lobby of the Willard Hotel.

"What is it, Baron?" asked a friend.

"Why," said Nelson, "I appear to have put on my dress trousers this morning. Wait a moment until I go up and change them."

He went back to his room. The friend waited. Presently the Baron came down. "Looks to me," said the friend, "as if you have on the same trousers you wore when you were down here before."

The Baron made an examination and exploded. After considerable difficulty it was learned he went to his room, took off the trousers, laid them on the bed and, at that exact moment, was called to the telephone. When he came from the 'phone he picked up the same trousers, put them on and came complacently downstairs.

Close By

ONE evening, just before a performance in Boston, according to one of his acquaintances, Mansfield missed an essentially necessary member of his company: his valet. As a matter of fact, the valet was only just outside the actor's dressing-room door; but the tragedian was used to promptness, and, when the man did not appear upon the instant, he shouted:

"Where is that blockhead of mine?"

Immediately the door opened and the valet appeared, bowing respectfully.

"I think you'll find it on your shoulders, Mr. Mansfield," he answered.

Fame as She Is

GENERAL HORACE PORTER was in rural Virginia the other day. He had to hire a "team" to be driven from one little town to another, and he chanced to be given a driver as black as the ace of clubs and as old as the surrounding hills.

"What's your name, Uncle?" asked the General.

"Mah name's Thomas Jefferson, suh," was the answer.

"Indeed?" pursued the General, purely by way of making conversation. "That is a name that is pretty well-known in this country."

"Wal, suh," answered the negro, "it sho' ought to be: Ah've been drivin' ober dis yer road ever since befo' de war."

On the Line

BARTON is a business man and rarely gets home before six o'clock in the evening. One day last month, however, he finished his work earlier than he had expected and returned to the house. He had neglected to telephone his wife that he was coming and, on his arrival, found nobody but the new servant at home.

"Maggie," he said to that individual, after he had looked through the house in vain, "can you tell me of Mrs. Barton's whereabouts?"

Maggie shuffled and wiped her large hands nervously upon her apron.

"Indeed, sir," she answered, "I'm not by no means sure, but I think it's in the wash."

Prepared for the Worst

GOVERNOR John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, who had many supporters for the Democratic nomination for President, was asked what his attitude on the matter was.

"Why," he said, "I can best explain my attitude by telling you about a man I knew out West who went to town one night and imbibed very freely at the various bars.

"He was weaving an uncertain way homeward along the road when he almost ran into a large rattlesnake, that was coiled in the road and rattling ominously. He looked at the snake for a moment and then drew himself up as well as he could. 'If you are going to strike, strike, drat ye,' he said. 'You will never find me better prepared.'"

Bill

(A Self-Adjusting Campaign Song for Both Parties)

Oh, he's big and broad and breezy!
He's the hero of the hour,
And his look is large and easy
As a man who knows his power.
He is sensible and smiling,
He is genuine all through,
And there is no false beguiling
In his steadfast look at you.
He's as clear-eyed as the eagle and as fearless as the lion,
And his name is Bill—Big Billy Taft!—or, maybe, Big Bill Bryan.

Oh, he's Bill! Big Billy!
He's our leader (willy-nilly);
And we'll boost him up until he
Sits upon the highest hill.
Oh, his proper name is William, and his other name is Will,
And he's bound to be our President, because he's Bill.

He is masterful and ready;
He's the champion of right;
He's the only heir of Teddy,
And he'll carry on the fight.
He was made to lead the nation
And to meet a people's need;
He was born to bring salvation
From the grasping gods of Greed.
And the day the good Lord made him all the angels looked and laughed!
And his name is Big Bill Bryan! Or, perhaps, it's Big Bill Taft.

Oh, he's Bill! Big Billy!
He's the mustard, he's the chilli!
Oh, perhaps our tongues are silly
But our hearts are loyal still.
Oh, his mother called him William, and his sweetheart called him Will,
But he's bound to be our President, because he's Bill.

Oh, he's brainy and he's brawny,
And in him all hopes are met;
And his hair is black and tawny,
And his eyes are blue as jet.
Oh, he's wide and wise and wary,
And a statesman to his toes
And he's from Nebraska's prairie,
Where the broad Ohio flows.
And his name is Bill and Billy, and he's ours as we are his,
And it's Bill will be our President, no matter which he is.

Oh, it's Billy! Buxom Billy!
(What's the use to paint the lily?)
He's our candidate until he
Sits upon the highest hill.
And it's some may call him William, and it's some may call him Will,
But he's bound to be our President, because he's Bill. —*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Knapp-Felt

The CROSS-COUNTRY HAT

KNAPP-FELT soft hats are not like any others in texture and are not intended to be. The delightful mellow "feel" is a characteristic of Knapp-Felt and cannot be imitated in any other hat-fabric.

The shapes are exclusive C & K designs which may be worn creased, dented or telescoped, with the brims turned up or down in front or back, or with a rakish sweep at the side. The careless grace of a well-handled Knapp-Felt soft hat harmonizes with the picturesque early fall attire.

They are made in a variety of colors of steadfast Cronap dye which will not fade nor change under the hardest conditions of weather or climate, rain or shine.

The fall styles are on sale by the best hatters throughout the United States.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats, soft or derbies, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

NUMBER 9009

(Continued from Page 15)

commanded the line that day. He stood near the wall, fifty feet from the line as it passed. With a furtive movement, 9009 threw from him a piece of plug tobacco which he had traded with another convict for a pair of hoarded shoe-laces. It lit on the ground, twenty feet from Jennings, unseen of all. Then, very calmly, 9009 stepped out of the line and walked toward Jennings. Immediately voices rose; from the wall a rifle cracked; a bullet struck the ground at 9009's feet. Disdainfully he stooped, picked up the tobacco, placed it between his teeth, and shuffled back to the line. He had been unable to get nearer than the twenty feet from Jennings.

For this he was given the water-cure. Fettered to a ring stapled in the stone wall of the corridor leading to the dungeon, he stood before the captain of the yard, who played upon his face the powerful stream of a hose till he was half-drowned and chilled to the marrow.

Some time afterward he made another attempt, a more serious one, but just as stupid from the point of view of the prison officers. Slipping out of the line as it left the foundry (it was the dusk of a winter's day) he crawled to the cook-house and slipped into the narrow space between that and the laundry, near the niche where he used to hide his knife at times of danger from search. By the mouth of this narrow gut Jennings had to pass four times a day on his way to the jute-mill and back

But Jennings did not appear. He was out at the head of a posse which, deceived, pursued an unwitting tramp over the hills. For three days 9009 crouched foodless and shelterless in his retreat while man-hunters roamed the hills for him on the outside; then Wilson, heading a search within the walls, found him. For his pains Wilson was throttled almost to death before the guards could part 9009's iron fingers.

For this 9009 was formally tried in the court of the district under the charge of assault to commit murder. The trial was short. No. 9009 did not open his mouth once. And he moved not a muscle when the judge sentenced him to ten additional years in the penitentiary.

He was placed in solitary confinement.

The solitary cells were on the top floor of the building to which the garroter had pointed, for the information of the murderer, on 9009's first day. This building was known about the prison as the "Stone Building," probably from the massiveness of its walls. The solitary cells were in a corridor by themselves. The light was dim there; it came from a single small window high up in the wall.

They watched him, in his cage up there, in the shadowy corridor; a guard stood all day before his steel-barred door. By night he was left alone. The cell was steel-walled, steel-floored, steel-barred in front. It was six feet long and five wide. The bunk took two feet and a half of the width; so there was left a space six feet long and two feet and a half wide in which 9009 could walk. Once every two weeks his guard took him into the corridor and let him exercise there. His eyes dilated with the dim light. His hair had grown long, for they seldom sent the prison barber to him, and the lines on his face had deepened to crevasses.

He slept fitfully, as an animal sleeps in a cage, by short snatches; he walked to and fro in the confined space; he mended his clothes. And he planned.

Merely to wait his chance, now, was not sufficient. To fulfill his Purpose he must get out of the solitary cell. His knife lay in the niche behind the water-pipe; he had dropped it there when discovered by Wilson. For the fulfillment of his Purpose he must have the knife; and to have the knife he must get out of his cell. The rest would be comparatively easy, for the building was not locked. It would take care and stealth, a careful avoidance of guard and trusty.

He felt no hurry. The years of his new sentence lay ahead of him; he took pleasure in a contemplation of them stretching long before him; it was as if eternity, suddenly, had been placed at the service of his Purpose. Once only did he sicken with impatience and worry; this was when lipless prison rumor told him that Jennings lay ill in the hospital. Two weeks later, though, he heard that the guard was back at his duty in the jute-mill, and his bars roared out his relief in a rattle that reverberated long in the dusky corridor. But this had been a lesson; he saw the danger of procrastination and concentrated his mind on the problem of leaving his cell And finally the solution came.

He began to ask for needles often—as often as he dared, making the while a great show of repairing his garments. In this way, in a year, he collected ten needles

He took these ten needles and fitted them into the wooden stem of a brier pipe. He fitted them close together, like the teeth of a comb. They were hard; they made a diminutive saw; and they bit steel. With these needles he began to saw his bars.

He sawed for a year, and had three bars nearly through; and then his cell was changed.

His patience, now, had become something fundamental within him, as granite is fundamental of the earth. He sat down and waited. They changed him again to another cell; and then to another. He spent nearly two years in different cells, and then, one morning, he found himself again in the cell where he had sawed. That night he tested the bars. They were as he had left them two years before. Three of them were severed but for a thread of steel; the guards had discovered nothing. He began purring at the fourth bar.

He worked craftily, with stealth, at night, very slowly, for before him lay years, the eternity of time placed, by a trick of Fate, at the disposal of his Purpose; and it was silly to take chances. He worked in the shadows, crouched; rubbing evenly, quietly, but firmly; cutting bars of steel with needles. When he had done sawing each night he scattered with deep breaths the almost imperceptible little heap of steel-dust resulting, and smudged over the thin wound in the bar with a bit of moistened bread and lampblack.

And then, suddenly, one day he received a letter.

Two convicts, two new trusties whom 9009 had never seen, were cleaning the corridor. The arm of one snapped abruptly and between the bars something that looked like a white butterfly fluttered in and lit upon the steel floor near 9009. He placed his foot upon it, and several minutes later picked it up.

It was a letter and it was from Nell. It was from Nell. From Nell, the woman he had kept from his thoughts, the woman from whom, stubbornly, knowing life and her kind, he had refused to expect anything; and it was an extraordinary letter.

For three years she had been working from the outside to help him. And now she had accomplished her purpose.

In the passageway between the bakery and the laundry, the letter said, in an old drain-pipe, a rifle, a revolver and a rope lay cached for him.

That night 9009 sawed with his needles through the last fibres of the four bars.

XIII

IT WAS the dark hour before the dawn, black and still and very cold, when 9009, slipping the last severed bar from its place and laying it noiselessly down, wiggled out of his cell like a red-barred snake. A moment later he was outside the building, shrinking, a shadow among shadows.

He was in the upper yard. To his right was the Stone Building from which he had just emerged; to his left, across the yard, lay his old cell-house. Before him, a hundred feet away, opened the alleyway leading to the lower yard, with its little garden, where were the warden's office and the sleeping quarters of the guards. The left side of this alley was made by the second cell-house and the dining-hall; the right by the line of outhouses. These consisted of the laundry, the cook-house and bakery. Between them were narrow spaces, mere guts two feet wide. It was in the nearer of these that he had once hidden for three days; in the same one was the niche where his knife lay; and the farther one was now his goal. Between this and the point where now he stood was a stretch of the yard, a hundred feet of it, bluely aglare with the lights of the electric mast.

Everything was very still where he stood, and very sombre. Behind him was a stretch of wall, and on it a muffled guard walked slowly, carrying his gun loosely in his right arm, like a hunter. In the centre of the yard, high on a slim mast, a cluster of arc-lights threw frozen blue rays wide into the sea of darkness below. They

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revealed harshly everything they touched: the beaten path in the yard, the stones of the high granite wall, the guard, his rifle-barrel gleaming cold, the Stone Building, hard and high, the cell-house, black-patched with barred windows, the cluster of outhouses before him, and especially, with a frigid intensity, an uncompromising malevolence, the stretch of beaten ground between him and his goal.

He stood in the narrow gutter of shadow along the base of the façade of the Stone Building, and he stared at the guard on the wall with dilated eyes used to searching darkness. The man was coming from the far extremity of his beat toward 9009, pacing slowly, his rifle loose in hand; he paused to readjust the muffler around his neck, and then, abruptly, his head snapped forward and his rifle rose in his hand.

It may have been the pillar of shade, the blacker shadow in the black shadows which had not been there before—for peering straight toward the place, the guard became very tense; in the glare 9009 could see his features tighten, his left arm crook. The rifle was still going up; it stopped halfway between hip and shoulder; the two men stood still as graven images—the guard, a sharp figure in the blue-white light, bent, taut, watching; the barred convict in the shadow, crouching, motionless, his eyes peering without lid movement, like the pitiless eyes of a snake.

And then the guard relaxed; he dropped back his rifle to the old loose carriage and resumed his walk. No. 9009, immobile, unblinking, watched him approach the end of his beat and then, pivoting, start for the other end, his back turned; instantly he slid out into the luminous space.

He ran, swiftly and silently, on the balls of his feet, his arms half-doubled, his chin thrown upon his humped right shoulder, looking backward all the time at the guard upon the wall, pacing along with his back still turned. He covered forty feet—and the guard still walked; fifty, sixty—the guard was slowing up; seventy feet—the guard paused. There in the middle of the walk something, perhaps some cold premonition, had arrested him. His gun flashed; he was turning. Throwing his eyes forward, 9009 leaped in great bounds; the shadow of the dining-hall, sharp as the tape at the end of a race, cut the ground ten feet ahead. He gave a last look backward; the guard whipped around; 9009 plunged head first, like a frog, and sprawled upon his belly within the darkness, which immediately closed about him like water.

He lay as he had fallen, awaiting the shock of the bullet, the roar of the guard's rifle. But he did not move. He could not believe that he had not been seen. A moment passed A desire to draw up his legs possessed him; he knew that they must be out, distinct, in the light. But he did not move. He lay like a stone.

A minute passed—a century. But there was no shock of bullet, no roar of rifle. Finally, he turned his head.

He turned it slowly, smoothly, until he could look at right angles to his body, then with infinite precautions, in imperceptible progressions, he bent it till the line of vision had passed his shoulder. But still he could see nothing. Something opaque and enormous barred his view; an immense pillar. It was barred. It was his arm.

He moved the arm in toward his side with the same smooth stealthiness—and he could see across the lit earth of the yard, clear to the wall. But he could not see the top of the wall. Again he began a cautious movement. He raised his head, from the neck, with no body change, as though he were a contortionist; the muscles of his throat cracked with the effort.

And then he saw. The guard was pacing back along the beat, his gun loose in hand, his back turned.

No. 9009 now crawled on his belly, like a red-ringed snake, into the alleyway.

He crawled by the narrow gut where his knife had lain hidden for more than three years, and went on, writhing, to the second, between the cook-house and the bakery. Crouching at the entrance of this, he looked back. He could not see the guard, and he must be invisible to the guard. He rose and went in between the two buildings, squeezing edgewise, his right hand ahead, feeling the wall, until it came against the broken drain-pipe. He dropped his hand into the pipe—and the cold muzzle of a rifle, there between his fingers, thrilled him to the marrow.

He stood there, his hand in the pipe, his fingers about the cold muzzle, long; then with a jerk drew up the rifle. It fell across his outstretched arms, and he held it thus a moment, as a mother holds her child, his eyes examining it swiftly, passing with satisfaction over the thin, short barrel, the massive breech-lock, the stock, heavy with stored death. The magazine was full, a cartridge was in the breech—he knew that those who had climbed the wall and hidden it had been negligent of no such details. He took up the weapon in his hands now, right hand about small of stock, left hand a sliding crotch about the barrel—and, suddenly, he snapped up to his full height.

A terrific feeling of Power had risen through him. Once, in this prison, he had been a man intent on obedience; months had changed him to a sullen, suspicious convict; years had made of him a crouching, stalking beast; and now, at the touch of this rifle, he sprang up a monster. His muscles were of steel, his nerves were of iron; he was sure of himself, absolutely sure. He felt that he could kill, that no one, not God Himself, could keep him from killing. He could kill when he pleased. He could not miss, of that he was incredibly sure; in his arms, already, in his arms, in his eye, in his trigger-finger—he had the feel of the coming kills.

He groped again into the pipe; his hands found three things: first, a rope, coiled, at one end of which dangled a grappling hook; then a revolver, then a box of ammunition. He coiled the rope about his waist. The revolver was a long, heavy, single-action six-shooter, of the pattern he had always preferred. He tucked it in beneath his waist-band. The cartridges he dropped loose into one of his pockets. Then he stood erect in the alley, close to the wall of the cook-house.

Dawn was coming in the east, a sullen dawn. It colored lightly the scale-tips of a mackerel sky and then, with weird swiftness, painted perpendicularly three great red bars across the murky horizon. No. 9009, standing in the shadowy alley, saw the three red bars; he knew that in half an hour the day-guards would be up, that in half an hour the whole prison would be rising—and a sudden temptation convulsed him.

He saw the guard, alone, upon the wall; an impulse told him to shoot, rush to the wall, climb, jump, rush to freedom, now, on the instant, using the moment's opportunity. His heart stabbed him with a palpitation, his blood leaped through his veins—and the stock of his rifle sprang to his shoulder.

He stood thus, a long minute, the stock smooth against his cheek, peering, through the crotch of the back-sight, at the white bead held immobile against the dark loom of the guard's breast, his finger, twitching, crooked about the trigger, while he fought the fight. Finally, with a release of pent-up breath, he lowered the gun. The temptation was gone; his Purpose had won; again it was with him, grim, inflexible.

He crept into the narrow gut between the laundry and the cook-house, and in the niche behind the water-pipe found his file-knife where he had laid it two years before. The blade was rusty now and dulled with cakes of rust; the point was gone and was like a knob; but the thing still was hard and thick and heavy; its well-balanced weight was still a joy in the hand. He slipped it under his waist-band, by the revolver—and immediately, like a memory of old times, almost sweet, he felt the rasp of it upon his skin, the rasp that once had been a promise, the promise now so near fulfillment. He crept back farther into the narrow passage, and waited there, patient, alone with his Purpose.

The whole heavens were red now, deep red, like congealing blood. A cold light spread along the ground, sweeping, swift, silent In the blackness of the gut, 9009 listened. He caught the vague stir of awakening men in the cell-house The stir grew, became detached and distinct noises Doors rang, a tread of feet sounded, footsteps came down the alley; two trusties passed, paused in front of the cook-house, coughing shiveringly, then entered. He heard the rasp of a match, a clang of stove-lids, and then voices, muffled, within. In a few minutes the day-guards would be dressed. The mackerel sky above settled to a cold drab; 9009 stepped out silently into the alleyway.

He stood there a moment, erect and motionless; then his rifle leaped to his shoulder, bellowed, and the blue-clad guard upon the wall toppled over, hung on the edge an instant, and slid along the

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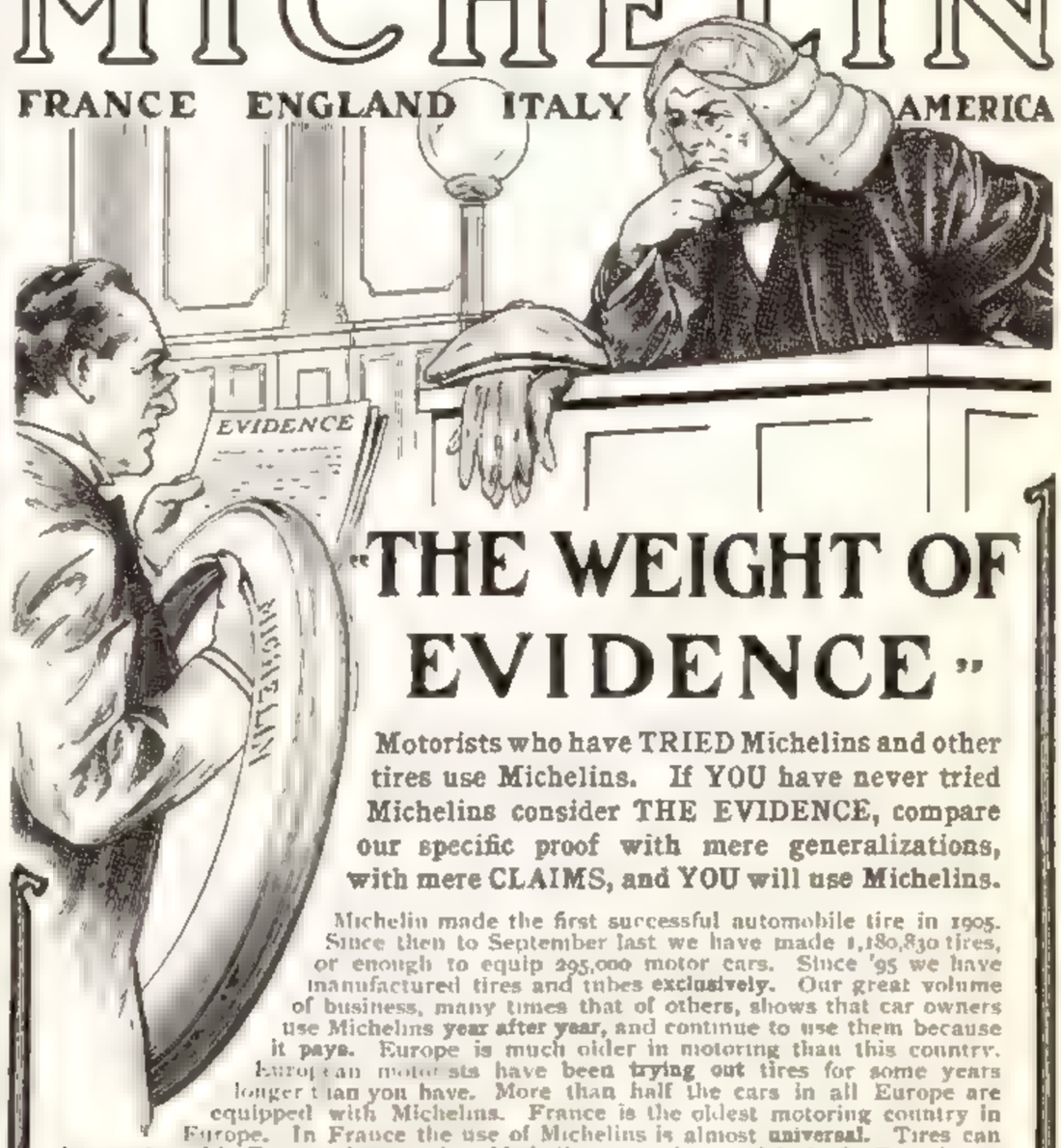

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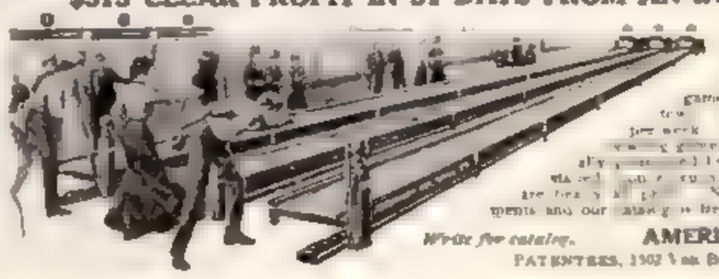

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perpendicular stones to a huddle in the yard.

And 9009 stepped out full into the yard, red-striped, gaunt and terrible. He walked slowly, on the balls of his feet, his body inclined forward from the waist, his chin, pivoting upon his neck, thrusting itself out to the right, to the left, as he strode; and in his right hand he held his rifle loosely, like a hunter.

The reverberation of the shot was still bounding from building to building, and mingled with the echo of a shout which had followed. A shrill whistling now arose, strident, into the air. A white-faced trusty ran out of the cook-house; another. No. 9009 kept on, going down the middle of the yard, slowly, looking to right and to left. A trusty showed his head at the door of the cell-house. No. 9009 shot him, wantonly, gleefully, full in the face—a long shot, but he could not miss, he felt he could not miss, never miss. A flick of dust sprang from the ground at his feet, over his head a brief snarl passed, almost simultaneously the cracks of two rifles rang heavy between the walls; he grinned and pumped a new cartridge into the breech of his gun.

And then he began to run; going low, he made for the Stone Building. The rifles cracked again; bullets struck to his right and to his left. He reached the end of the Stone Building, halted, gave a swift look, then sprang forward toward the wall with a great, self-announcing yell. He reached the wall, shot along it like a rabbit, then, when he was out of sight of the men above, quietly slipped back into the shadow of the Stone Building. A laugh cleft his face as he saw the guards upon the wall, backs toward him, peering still in the direction from which he had doubled. Then, in successive furtive rushes, he sped back into the alley, and crouched in the narrow gut between the cook-house and bakery, waiting.

He had accomplished three things by these movements. By shooting the guard upon the wall he had aroused the whole prison, including all the other guards; by his feigned rush to the wall he had determined just to what point these awakened guards would throw themselves in the first impulse of the alarm; by his circuitous doubling-back he now stood where they must all pass.

In spite of his running he was breathing steadily; his muscles were like steel, and he was absolutely sure of himself, of his power to kill. He laid down his rifle and drew his revolver. He waited there, all alone with his Purpose, peering out of the black gut. The whole prison, now, was buzzing about him like a beehive. Shouts sounded, gruff, like orders. A guard passed by on the run, his face very red; two more, putting on their coats as they ran; a whole group of five. He still waited. There was an interval of silence; again the drum of approaching feet. He peered—and then he glided out into the centre of the alley and faced Jennings.

The guard stopped in the middle of a step, and the two men stood there alone in the deserted alley, in the wan light of morning, facing each other, looking into each other's eyes.

The guard was half-dressed, his shirt open on his hairy chest, his suspenders hanging behind. His eyes narrowed, then widened; a flicker of light for an instant sprang into them, then died at once, leaving them as of old—lidless, opaque, white-gray; and his sallow face showed no emotion, though slowly, like an invisible blush, a dull threat rose in it. No. 9009, red-barred, stood with coarse-shod feet close together, bending slightly forward from the waist, his revolver at the end of his arm, held with crooked elbow close to his ribs; and in his face, gray with the prison pallor, his two eyes glowed like fires at the bottom of two caves

They stood thus, it seemed long, motionless. Then the guard straightened his shoulders and he half-smiled. Immediately he was very serious again; and then he spoke.

"Put down that gun!" he said calmly, evenly.

The upper lip of 9009 raised like a theatre-curtain and showed his teeth. It remained raised

"Drop that gun," said Jennings again, his voice like furbished steel, and a film came over his eyes.

But 9009 was not listening; he was absorbed in another problem. He had been trying to decide how he would kill Jennings. His first impulse had been to shoot him through the heart. Then he had wanted to put out with bullets the white-gray eyes. Then he had almost made up his mind to shoot him low in the body, so that he would die slowly and in great pain. But as he stood there, frigid, gun in hand, a profound dissatisfaction of these methods had filled his being. Somehow, none fitted; all of them—they were discordant with a dream he had dreamed.

"Put down that gun!" said Jennings, for the third time.

And then 9009 knew.

He stooped, laid down the revolver upon the ground, and snatched at his waist-band. He rose, to a crouch, to full height, and his right arm, unfolding, continued the upward movement. He stood thus a moment, motionless, straight, shoulders back, head back, right hand high in air. Then Jennings, bending, rushed forward, and 9009 sprang upon him

He sprang high, leap-frog fashion; his left hand snapped down Jennings' lowered head with a jerk, and then the other hand, still high in air, whistled down. It sank into the guard's back. It rose, fell, rose, fell, rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and fell in a rapid crescendo of pumping movements, crunching into the heap beneath long after it had become limp.

Then 9009, springing lithely to his feet, flung the file-knife from him in a wide gesture, and, picking up his rifle, strode for the wall.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

BIG KELLY

(Concluded from Page 13)

"What's wrong with them Fift' Avenue joints? Money? Th' folks who used to live there had so much of th' spinach it didn't leave 'em room for work. Their dough beat 'em out of their jobs. Now, idle people always fight. An' to fight, that is to really go to th' mat for fair, is to be unhappy. An' unhappy people are always breakin' camp. They figger that somewhere, somehow, they ought to find peace, forgettin' they take their war with 'em, along with th' balance of th' baggage.

"Timmy, listen: No rich man, as a rule, ever has a friend or is a friend. A rich man is so much like a fat hog that he's seldom any good until he's dead. That goes also for a rich woman. No rich man an' rich woman ever loved each other. As for a poor man marryin' a rich woman, he might as well catch on as valet or butler or footman somewhere, an' let it go at that It's bad enough when a poor woman marries a rich man. Almost th' one married chance of happiness is when they're both poor. Then they have to depend on each other; an' it's only when people depend on each other they love each other.

"Did you ever see some strappin' young party, way up ag'inst th' sky-line on an iron buildin', workin' away with one of them rivetin' 'guns' that sounds like some iron woodpecker? Well, somewhere between th' two rivers there's a girl he's married to, who's puttin' in her time doin' a two-step 'round a cook stove, fryin' round steak an' onions for him an' keepin' their kids from divin' off th' fire-escape. Them two people are th' happiest in th' world. They don't know it, but they are. Give 'em a million dollars, an' you'd spoil th' picture. They'd get a divorce; you'd put that household on th' toboggan."

"All th' same, Kell," interjected old Timmy, "I've seen poor folks scrap."

"For that matter, Timmy," assented Big Kelly tolerantly, "all married people scrap—a little. But them's for th' most part only love spats, when they're poor. Th' lady begins 'em; she thinks she'll just about try hubby out, an' see can he go some. Th' only risk is him bein' weak enough to let her win. No, she don't want to win; victory scares wifey to death. What she's after is a protector, an', if hubby lets her put him on th' floor for th' count, she don't know where she's at. She's dead sure she's no good; an', if hubby's a quitter, she's left all in th' air. Havin' floored him, so to speak, she thinks to herself: 'This thing protect me? Why, I can lick him myself!' After that hubby might better keep close tabs on wifey, or some bright mornin' he'll call th' fam'ly roll an' she won't answer. No; take a boy an' a girl, both square, both poor—so they'll need each other—an' so he's got her shaded a little should it come to th' gloves, and two bugs in a rug won't have anything on them."

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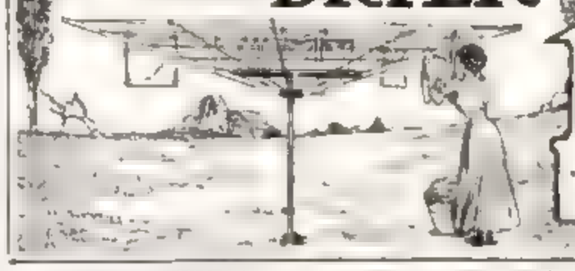

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HUMAN NATURE IN SELLING GOODS

(Concluded from Page 5)

symptoms and treatment, and that an old practitioner diagnoses and handles them at sight.

A young man was sent out ahead of a circus to redeem ticket-orders given for window advertising. When he came to a store where a circus poster had hung, but been torn down, he had to get possession of the order without giving tickets—to fight for it, if necessary. These cases worried him until he worked out a system for handling them. Walking in, he smiled as though everything were normal, and asked for the storekeeper's circus order. The latter smiled, and handed it over. Then the circus man tore a hole in the order and said, "No good." Then the storekeeper frowned, doubled up his fists and sent a boy for a policeman. People gathered. The front door was locked and it looked as though the circus man might be mobbed. Local newspapers usually had an account next day headed, "Mob Threatens Circus Man." But the policeman came, read the torn order showing the circus man to be within contract rights, and said laconically to the storekeeper, "Aw—why didn't you keep the picture up?" That ended it.

This incident would work out about the same in any city. There was a point where smiles changed to frowns, and it looked like fight. There was a cue for locking the front door, and the climax where any policeman rescued the circus man—even the newspaper account next day, with the names spelled wrong and the facts twisted. It all went off like a comedy, anywhere, with any class of people, because human nature runs pretty much in grooves.

An Opening for the Clinching Stroke

Take an average selling proposition, and there are just so many basic facts to be made clear. Lay these facts before the average man or woman day after day, and presently it will be found that they raise in the average mind about the same basic thoughts. Some of the facts are easily comprehended. Others can't be made plain, and must be abandoned. Others are misunderstood, and there is a ready way of explaining that fact over again, and the salesman finds it and uses it. Presently, he is working with formulas that are all cut and dried and at his tongue's end, though they do not sound so at all. These formulas fit into his own personality. He has *style* in selling, and it is this that the student cannot get from books. But it is quickly picked up in the training territory. By the length of a customer's nose he gauges his talk. At the precise moment he rings in the "standard approach." With ease and certainty he puts the prospect's mind on a train of thought, and keeps the train on the track until it arrives. Only practice among live people will give this, so the student has five weeks of it, and when he comes back for a final week of indoor work he is usually a finished article.

One odd point about such instruction is that the instructor in a school like this must be a salesman capable of selling the course to each student. For the latter is a man already skilled in some sort of sales work, with his own methods and beliefs. The book knowledge looks like pure rot. "I develop my own arguments as I go along," he says disdainfully. So the instructor has to make plain the advantages of working with formulas that embody the best practice of hundreds of salesmen.

When the student gets out into the field, however, he sees the point of all this logic. He may have been a salesman of the sort who can interest prospects up to the point of closing the deal, paving the way for a skilled "closer." This logic will enable him to "close" himself if he masters it. It will also teach him to think straight in working out his own problems. For it is to saleswork what the science of mathematics is to general education.

Such a school holds occasional conventions for discussion. A large sales force centred in a city may meet once a week. All the men come in, and each week some tough point is dealt with in a demonstration.

Perhaps, a competing house has lately marketed a novelty that sells well and is making trouble. Three of the men have been successful in meeting this opposition. So they make a sale in competition, the others watching. This demonstration goes off like a little play. Even an outsider catches the points.

The instructor acts as Mr. Green, the prospect, sitting inert at his desk, not knowing just what he wants, but certain that he doesn't care to pay too much for it, whatever he buys. The first salesman takes the competitor's catalogue and tries to sell this novelty, emphasizing the other fellow's talking points as they are met in the field. He is a young man—brisk—maybe a bit inclined to carry the customer off his feet with one or two talking points. Mr. Green wakes up. One of the strong features of the competing apparatus is its air-space. That interests Mr. Green. The salesman dilates upon it until finally the prospect declares that, no matter what apparatus he buys, it must have an air-space. He has already lost sight of price.

Then the second salesman enters to sell *our* goods. He is elderly, apparently slow. Mr. Green says his choice has been made—the deal all made except closing—sorry, but it won't be much use to talk. Cautiously the second salesman advances. He suggests that a man who has gone so far into this matter, and with such obvious judgment as Mr. Green, will certainly want to go further. Gradually he works, until the "standard approach" is reached, and so naturally that only a salesman notes the set questions. Mr. Green is now interested in our device, and promises to come down to our showroom immediately.

At the showroom he is met by the third man—not at all a "smart" salesman, but a middle-aged chap in an old office coat, with blond hair and trustful blue eyes. He keeps quiet a minute or two while Mr. Green explains what the two previous salesmen have told him. When the customer has shown what is in his mind, the third man takes him about, exhibits various styles of apparatus, and one by one overthrows the competitor's arguments, finally effecting the sale, decision being passed by the convention.

"But here—wait a minute!" exclaims the customer just before the deal is closed. "That first man's apparatus had something he said was indispensable—an air-space, you know. Why don't your people build 'em like that?"

"Mr. Green, we put only the very highest quality of tested materials into our goods," says the third salesman lightly. "Stop and think about it a moment, and you will see that air is a pretty cheap building material—in fact, there's nothing cheaper."

"That's so," says the customer. "Well, I'll take it."

But, if necessary, they would take up that point with him technically and prove it at great length. This is salesmanship as it is being taught by the manufacturers themselves to-day. After all the logic, however, and the development of selling points in the factory, and selling style by the salesman, there is one consideration that keeps it all useful in the broad economic sense. For after all the evidence has been developed in this way for a typewriter, and drilled into a man who can present it with the force of evidence, it is still necessary to find the man who needs a typewriter. Salesmanship, be it ever so ably developed, can only sell what people really need.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series on the human factor in salesmanship.

The Ragged Edge

ONE of the people with whom the author of Tramping With Tramps tramped when he tramped with them, is authority for the statement that the recent "hard" times have hit no business so severely as the business of begging. What charity there was began at home, and got so well hammered down there that you couldn't jack it loose with the saddest tale in history.

Peripatetic Peter went for two days with almost nothing to eat before he struck a farmhouse near Newark, New Jersey, where a reluctant housewife at last handed him out a big, square sandwich of hard ham and stale bread. A little while later a companion found him writhing in pain upon a convenient hayrick.

"Wha's de trouble, Pete?" he inquired.

"De hardest luck ever," was Pete's reply. "I've just had a square meal—an' de corners are scratchin' me!"

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A VENTURE IN THE HIGH C'S

(Continued from Page 10

jealous. But how could I be? Really, their voices are fine."

Mr. Spratt, too, was of that opinion, and he came back to Bobby to say so most emphatically.

"They'll do," said he. "After the first night they'll have this town crazy. If the seat sale don't go right for Monday we'll pack the house with paper, and the rest of the week will go big. Just hear that Ricardo! The little bit of a sawed-off toad sings like a canary. If you don't look at 'em, they're great."

They *were* superb. From the throats of that ill-favored chorus there came divine harmony, smooth, evenly-balanced, exhilarating, almost flawless, and as the great musical poem of passion unfolded and the magnificent aria of Don José was finished in the second act, the little group of listeners down in front burst into involuntary applause, to which there was but one dissenting voice. This voice, suddenly evolving out of the darkness at Bobby's side, ejaculated with supreme disgust:

"Well, what do you think of that! Why, that fat little fish-worm of a Dago is actually gone bughouse over Miss McGinnis," a fact which had been obvious to all of them the minute Ricardo began to sing his wonderful love song to the huge Caravaggio.

The rest of them had found only amusement in the fact, but to Biff Bates there was nothing funny about this. He sat in speechless disapproval throughout the balance of that much-interrupted performance wherein Professor Frühlingsvogel, now and then, stopped his music with a crash to shriek an excited direction that it was all wrong, that it was execrable, that it was a misdemeanor, a crime, a murder to sing it in that way! The passage must be all sung over; or, at other times, the gaunt stage director, whose name was Monsieur Noire, would rush with a hoarse howl down to the Herr Professor, order him to stop the music, and, turning, berate some unfortunate performer who had defied the conventions of grand opera by acting quite naturally. On the whole, however, it was a very creditable performance, and Bobby's advisers gave the project their unqualified approval.

"It is really a commendable thing," Aunt Constance complacently announced, "to encourage music of this order, and to furnish such a degree of cultivation for the masses"

It was a worthy project indeed. As for the company itself there could be no question that it was a good one. No one expected acting in grand opera, no one expected that the performers would be physically adaptable to their parts. The voice! The voice was all. Even Agnes admitted that it was a splendid thing to be a patron of the fine arts; but Bobby, in his profound new wisdom and his thorough conversion to strictly commercial standards, said with vast iconoclasm:

"You are overlooking the main point. I am not so anxious to become a patron of the fine arts as I am to make money," with which terrible heresy he left them at home, with a thorough understanding that he was quite justified in his new venture; though next morning, when he confided the fact to Johnson, that worthy, with a sigh, presented him with an appropriate missive from among those in the gray envelopes left behind by the late John Burnit. It was inscribed:

To My Son Robert, upon His Deciding to Back a Theatrical Venture

> Sooner or later, every man thinks it would be a fine thing to run a show, and the earlier in life it happens the sooner a man will have it out of his system. I tried it once myself, and I know. So good luck to you, my boy, and here's hoping that you don't get stung too badly.

V

THAT week's "season of grand opera" was an unqualified success, following closely the lines laid down by the experienced Mr. Spratt. Caravaggio and Ricardo and Philippi and Villenauve became household words, and for the balance of the week shining carriages rolled up to the entrance of the Orpheum, disgorging load after load of high-hatted gentlemen and long-plumed ladies. Before the end of the engagement it was definitely known that Bobby's investment would yield a profit, even deducting for the week of idleness during which he had been compelled to support the company. The powers of darkness thereupon got vigorously to work upon him to carry the company on through the rest of its season.

It was then that the storm broke. Against his going further with the company Agnes Elliston interposed an objection so decided and so unflattering that the *entente cordiale* at the Elliston home was strained dangerously near to the breaking point, and in this she was aided and abetted by Aunt Constance, who ridiculed him, and by Uncle Dan Elliston, who took him confidentially aside for a grave and hard-headed remonstrance. Chalmers, his lawyer, Johnson, his father's old bookkeeper, and Applerod, his father's old office factotum, wrestled with him in spirit; his friends at the Idlers' Club "guyed" him unmercifully, and even Biff Bates, though his support was earnestly sought by the Signorina Caravaggio, also counseled him roughly against it. Through it all Bobby was made to feel that he was a small boy who had proposed to eat a peck of green apples and then go in swimming in dog-days; which was not quite the way to handle this decidedly independent young gentleman. Another note from his father, handed to him by the faithful and worried Johnson, was the deciding straw:

To My Son Robert, About That Theatrical Venture

> When a man who knows nothing of the business backs a show, there's usually a woman at the bottom of it—and that kind of a woman is mostly rank poison to a normal man, even if she is a good woman. No butterfly ever goes back into its chrysalis and becomes a grub again. Let birds of a feather flock together, Bobby.

That unfortunate missive, for once shooting so wide the mark, pushed Bobby over the edge. There was a streak of stubbornness in him which, well developed and turned into proper channels, was likely to be very valuable, but until he learned to use that stubbornness in the right way it bade fair to plunge him into more difficulties than he could extricate himself from with profit.

Even Agnes, reading that note, indignantly agreed with Bobby that he was being unjustly misread.

"It is absurd," he explained to her. "This is the first dividend-paying investment I have been able to make so far, and I'm going to keep it up just as long as I can make money out of it. I'd be very foolish if I didn't. Besides, this is just a little in-between flyer, while I'm conservatively waiting for a good, legitimate opening. It can take, at most, but a very small part of my two hundred and fifty thousand."

Agnes, though defending him against his father, was still reluctant about the trip, but suddenly, with a curious smile, she withdrew all objections and even urged him to go ahead.

"Bobby," said she, still with that curious smile and strangely shining eyes, and putting both her hands upon his shoulders, "I see that you must go ahead with this. I—I guess it will be good for you. Somehow, I think that this is to be your last folly, that you are really learning that the world is not all polo and honor-bets. So go ahead—and I'll wait here."

He could not know how much that hurt her. He was only a bit puzzled, it not being given to men of his stamp, while still young, to understand women. He only knew, after she had talked more lightly of his trip, that he had her full and free consent, and, highly elated with his first successful business venture, he took up the contracts of the Neapolitan Grand Opera Company where Signor Matteo, the decamped manager and producer, had dropped them. The members of the company having attached the scenery and effects for back salaries, sold them to Bobby for ten thousand dollars, and he immediately found himself confronted by demands for settlements, with the alternative of damage suits, from the two cities in which the company had been booked for the two past weeks.

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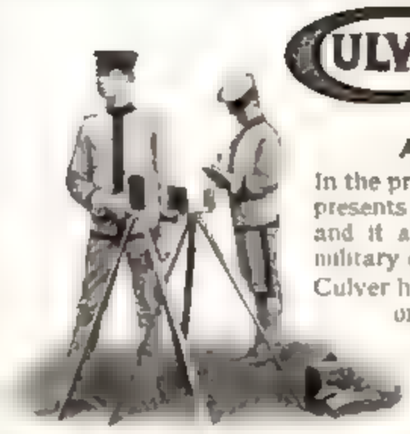

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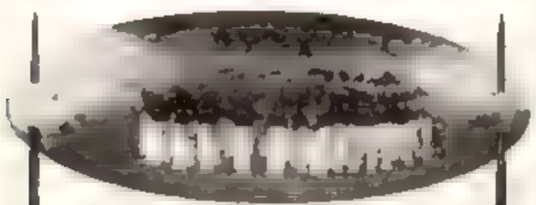

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Had Bobby not bound himself irrevocably to contracts which made him liable for the salaries of every member of this company for the next twenty weeks, he would have withdrawn instantly at the first hint of these suits; but, now that he was in for it, he promptly compromised them at a rate which made Spratt furious.

"If I'd thought," said Spratt angrily in the privacy of the Orpheum office, "that you were sucker enough to get roped in for the full season, I'd have tossed you out of the running for this week. This game is a bigger gamble than the Stock Exchange. The smartest producers in the business never know when they have a winner or a loser. More than that, while all actors are hard to handle, of all the combinations on earth, a grand opera company is the worst. I'll bet a couple of cold bottles that before you're a week on the road you'll have leaks in your dirigible over some crazy dramatic stunts that are not in the book of any opera of the Neapolitan repertoire."

The prediction was so true that it was proved that very night, which was Friday, during the repetition of Carmen. It seemed that Biff Bates, by means of the supreme dominance of The Caravaggio, had been made free of the stage, a rare privilege, and one that enabled Biff to spend his time, under unusual and romantic circumstances, very much in the company of the Celtic Signorina; all of which was very much to the annoyance, distress and fury of Signor Ricardo, especially on Carmen night. At all other times the great Ricardo thought very well indeed of the Signorina Nora, only being in any degree near to unfaithfulness when, on Aida nights, he sang to vivacious little Madam Villenauve; but on Carmen nights he was devotedly, passionately, madly in love with the divine Car-r-r-r-avaggio! Else how could he sing the magnificent second act aria? Life without her on those nights would be a hollow mockery, the glance of any possible rival in her direction a desecration. Why, he even had to restrain himself to keep from doing actual damage to Philippi, who, though on the shady side of forty-five, still sang a most dashing Escamillo; nor was his jealousy less poignant because Philippi and Caravaggio were sworn enemies.

Thus it may be understood—by any one, at least, who has ever loved ecstatically and fervidly and even hectically, like the great Ricardo—how on Monday and Wednesday nights and the Thursday matinée, all of which were Caravaggio performances, he resented Biff's presence. From dark corners he more darkly watched them chatting in frank enjoyment of each other's company; he made unexpected darts in front of their very eyes to greet them with the most alarming scowls; and because he insolently brushed the shoulder of the peaceably-inclined and self-sure Biff upon divers occasions, and Biff made no sign of resentment, he imagined that Biff trembled in his boots whenever he noted the approach of the redoubtable Ricardo with his infinitesimal but ferocious mustachios. Great, then, was his wonder, to say nothing of his rage, when Biff, after all the scowls and shoulderings that he had received on Thursday, actually came around for Friday night's Carmen performance!

Even before the fierce Ricardo had gone into his dressing-room he was already taking upon himself the deadly character of Don José, and his face surged red with fury when he saw Biff Bates, gayly laughing as if no doom impended, come in at the stage door with the equally gay and carefree Caravaggio. But after Signor Ricardo had donned the costume and the desperateness of the brigadier Don José—it was then that the fury sank into his soul! And that fury boiled and seethed as, during the first and second acts, he found in the wings Signorina Car-r-r-r-r-r-avaggio absorbed in pleasant but very significant chat with his deadly enemy, the crude, unmusical, inartistic, soulless Biffo de Bates-s-s-s! But, ah! There was another act to come, the third act, at the beginning of which the property-man handed him the long, sharp, wicked-looking, bloodthirsty knife with which he was to fight Escamillo, and with which in the fourth act he was to kill Carmen. The mere possession of that knife wrought the great tenor's soul to gory tragedy; so much so that immediately after the third act curtain-calls he rushed directly to the spot where he knew the contemptible Signor Biffo de Bates-s-s-s to be standing, and with shrill Latin imprecations flourished that keen, glistening blade before the eyes of the very much astounded Biff.

For a moment, thoroughly incredulous, Biff refused to believe it, until a second demonstration compelled him to acknowledge that the great Ricardo actually meant threatening things toward himself. When this conviction forced its way upon him, Biff calmly reached out, and, with a grip very much like a bear-trap, seized Signor Ricardo by the forearm of the hand which held the knife. With his unengaged hand Biff then smacked the Signor Ricardo right severely on the wrist.

"You don't mean it, you know, Sig-nor Garlic," he calmly observed. "If I thought you did I'd smack you on both wrists. Why, you little red balloon, I ain't afraid of any mutt on earth that carries a knife like that, as long as I got my back to the wall."

Still holding the putty-like Signor by the forearm, he delicately abstracted from his clasp the huge knife, and, folding it up gravely, handed it back to him; then deliberately he turned his back on the Signor and pushed his way through the delightedly horror-stricken emotionalists who had gathered at the fray, and strolled over to where Signorina Caravaggio had stood an interested and mirth-shaken observer.

"You mustn't think all Italians are like that, Biff," she said, her first impulse, as always, to see justice done; "but singers are a different breed. I don't think he's bluffing, altogether. If he got a real good chance some place in the dark, and was sure that he wouldn't be caught, he might use a stiletto on you."

"If he ever does I'll slap his forehead," said Biff. "But say, he uses that cleaver again in this show?"

The Signorina Nora shrugged her shoulders.

"He's supposed to stab me with it in this next act."

"He is!" exclaimed Biff. "Well, just so he don't make any mistake I'm going over and paste him one."

It was not necessary, for Signor Ricardo, after studying the matter over and seeing no other way out of it, proceeded to have a fit. No one, not even the illustrious Signor, could tell just how much of that fit was deliberate and artificial, and just how much was due to an overwrought sensitive organization, but certain it was that the Signor Ricardo was quite unable to go on with the performance, and Monsieur Noire himself, as agitated as a moment before the great Ricardo had been, rushed up to Biff and grabbed him roughly by the shoulders.

"Too long," shrieked he, "we have let you be annoying the artists, by reason of The Caravaggio. But now you shall do the skiddooing."

With a laugh Biff looked back over his shoulder at The Caravaggio, and permitted Monsieur Noire to eject him bodily from the stage door upon the alley.

The next morning, owing to the prompt action and foresightedness of Spratt, all the papers contained the very pretty story that the great Ricardo had succumbed to his own intensity of emotions after the third act of Carmen, and had been unable to go on, giving way to the scarcely less great Signor Dulceo. That same morning Bobby was confronted by the first of a long series of similar dilemmas. The Signorina Caravaggio must leave the company or Signor Ricardo would do so. No stage was big enough to hold the two; moreover, Ricardo meant to have the heart's blood of Signor Biffo de Bates-s-s-s!

With a sigh, Bobby, out of his ignorance and independence, took the only possible course to preserve peace, and emphatically told Signor Ricardo to pack up and go as quickly as possible, which he went away vowing to do. Naturally the great tenor thought better of it after that, and though he had already been dropped from the cast of Il Trovatore on Saturday afternoon, he reported just the same. And he went on with the company.

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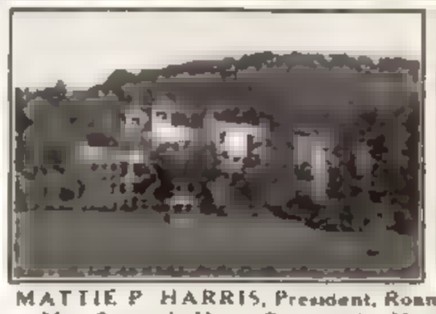

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THE CALL OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 8)

The parents glanced at Oonah, shy and breathless.

"Ah, she was always too good for Saunders," said her father. "It wasn't me pressed the match, anyway."

"Heaven knows I always favored Mogue," began Mrs. Canavan.

"Ah, sure, we all know 'twas Oonah that wanted Saunders," mocked Michael. "Well, now, do you say the worrd. Let Oonah go to-day and both yous go to-morra. 'Tis most romantic and unusual for parents to attend an elopement. It will be talked of for years to come, and, man alive!—think of the sour mouth of Saunders when the neighbors do be saying 'twas Oonah jilted him!"

His roar of laughter was infectious, and Oonah obeyed his nod and made herself ready for her journey southward. She got his ear and begged him to stay the day with her parents lest their minds should change and they should try to win back Saunders. Michael agreed. He had the good craftsman's wish to see his work well done. Besides, it was pleasant enough to linger among the ruins of the seven churches. Many a time had he and Aileen read the worn stones in the churchyard and wondered about the slow, quiet lives they recorded, and thought still more of the hundreds of unrecorded dead buried on this same ground for fourteen long centuries. There was not a path by the upper and lower lake that he and Aileen had not trod. He retraced them and thought of her so tenderly that he well-nigh forgot the six cows.

It was in a very softened mood that he bade good-by to the Canavans and left Glendalough to go home to Aileen. The late afternoon was as lambent as his thoughts of her. The road called him now, and he liked the taste of it under his feet as he swung his blackthorn stick and sang his songs, which were all of wistful love.

He intended to stop for the night at Rathdrum with Andrew Saunders, who would no doubt be glad to offer him supper and a lodging, considering the grand favor he had done him, but when he went into the hotel office Andrew was not there, and the proprietor told him, with many winks and digs, that Andrew had got lovesick of a sudden. The night before he had gone down to Macmines to court his lady. That very morning he had taken her up to Dublin to get married by special license.

"Begorra," thought Michael, "so much the sooner do I get united to Saunders' calf."

The train from Dublin was almost due, and he started down the main street to the station to meet the bridal couple. Only Andrew got off the train, a transfigured Andrew, wild-eyed and wicked-faced, who ran up the road to Michael, beat at him with a knotty fist and called him a "thief" and a "liar."

An Irishman strikes first and thinks afterward, but, even when Saunders, half-stunned and bleeding from Michael's assault, had had him arrested, even then Michael would not have given up the joy of his first retaliatory blows. But memories are not all-sustaining, and it was a shamed man enough that sat in the little police station, a prisoner, with the fear in his heart that Aileen could never forgive him for the disgrace he had brought on her.

Dreary enough were the hours poor Michael passed in the station. He was a stranger in Rathdrum; there was not a soul to talk to but the constabulary, whom, as they were Irish and yet in the pay of the Government, Michael considered as no better than traitors. On Sunday afternoon the hotel-keeper came to see him and explained the reason of Saunders' wrath. Mrs. McCarthy had used her imagination in describing her possessions. A scant fifty pounds would cover them, and here was poor Saunders out thirty pounds for a special license. Mrs. McCarthy, or Mrs. Saunders, had gone to Macmines to move up her belongings. She had communicated with the hotel-keeper, and he was going to let them have the hotel if they gave a mortgage on it. He spoke of her as a fine, capable woman who would do Saunders good. Saunders himself was not in Rathdrum. He had gone, the hotel-keeper thought, to Macmines, but would probably appear against Michael in the morning when court would be held.

Though Michael's curiosity was satisfied he had small cheer from the visit. To think the Widow McCarthy should have played him such a trick! Well, he would have the churn out of her anyway, and Saunders' calf, if he had to steal it. To think that here he was shut up and this very day Mogue Sullivan and Oonah getting married through his kindness and Aileen looking on, wondering where he was!

Monday morning brought back his luck. Saunders did not appear against him, and as he had no money a kindly justice of the peace, for whose former cook he had made a good match, forgave him the costs of the case. He walked out of court a free man. He went to the hotel, and, showing the proprietor Andrew's written promise that he should have a calf on the wedding day, he got the animal and set off with it down the long Wexford road. Aileen might not forgive him, but she would be glad to get the calf, anyway. A kindly farmer gave him a lift, and he reached Macmines before noon. He tethered his calf behind a friendly hedge and went to the house of the late Widow McCarthy. He pounded on her door with powerful fist. If Saunders was within he would leave his mark on him for every hour he had spent in that police court. But it was Mrs. Saunders who met him, in her arms a churn.

"Well, and I've been expecting you to call for this ever since me wedding, Saturday," she said innocently. "Why didn't you come?"

Michael glared at her. "You know right well, and if ever you want to make another match for yourself, it's not to me you need come. You draw the long bow too harrd for my conscience."

"Don't forget your two hens," she said; "they're tied to a post in the back yard; and Michael, avic, there's a young cock along wid them, and the churn's packed wid eggs, and give my love to Aileen."

His scowl grew a shade lighter, and she pushed him into the house with a good-natured laugh.

"Sure, it'll be all the same a hundred years hence," she said. "Come and have your dinner, lad, and then off wid you, for I'm a busy woman."

She said no word of Saunders, nor did he ask any questions. He hurried through his dinner, and then shouldered his churn and the hens. He found his calf and set off once more to Aileen. The heavier his burdens were the surer he felt of her welcome.

The road called him, but only faintly. It was just the music by which he would be able to get himself home. The hot sun poured on him, the calf walked at cross purposes with him, the hens squawked and pecked at his shoulders, and he feared the eggs were breaking in the churn. Every step was a weariness, but he did not venture to rest till he was well past Enniscorthy.

Then, as he sat fanning himself with his hat, a man's figure came into sight, walking northward. Michael watched it grow larger and larger as it moved rapidly toward him. Then he rose wonderingly to his feet. It was Mogue Sullivan.

"Mogue Sullivan," he shouted. "Don't tell me you're afther deserting your wife like Saunders! What's wrong at all?"

Mogue wiped his beaded face.

"Troth, it's glad I am to see you," he said. "I've been walking and walking to you since the hour of my wedding, and poor Oonah left alone."

"What is it at all?" asked Michael.

"Just this," said Mogue. "There was no hair nor hide of you and your wife at our wedding, and afterward we walked down from the church to your place to see was anything wrong, and there was herself white and sick on the bed."

"Aileen sick?" cried Michael.

"Wait now, till I tell you. It was long enough before I could get anything out of her, and half of it was guesswork, and from what I saw afterward. It seems Andrew Saunders came down to see her and told her you were arrested for half-murthering him and another man, and he'd set you free again if Aileen'd pay the piper."

"The Hoosian!" cried Michael.

"Who did I see on the road," went on Mogue, "but our fine Saunders a-driving of your six cows! The thief of the worrld!"

"She gave up thim six cows for me?" murmured Michael. "God bless her!"

"And so Oonah and I talked it over and she said she'd not be afraid to stay alone, and I footed it here to meet you, for it seemed to me you'd want to get thim cows

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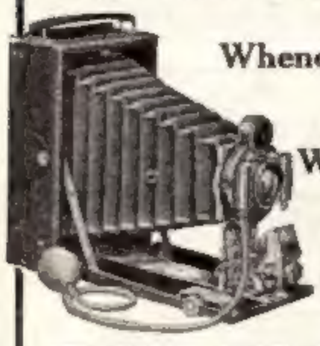

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back from Saunders, and clout him on the head wan besides, and so I——"

"And she gave up thim six cows for me!" murmured Michael.

Mogue stared at him resentfully. "I thought you'd be dancing wid rage like a hen on a hot gridiron," he said angrily, "and me coming all this way and spending me honeymoon alone to tell you. Well, Saunders is back three or four miles now a-driving the cows. I cut along on the inside of the hedge past him, and a fine crick in my back I got for my pains, and little thanks that I see ——"

"Six cows! And she consaves me to outweight thim," said Michael softly.

Mogue said never a word. He got up, clenched his fists, shook his head and went back the way he had come. Michael sat dreaming in happy reverie, till, far down the road, he saw a number of dots approaching. They galvanized him into activity. He lifted his calf and the churn and the hens over the hedge, and hid till Saunders and the cows were almost abreast of him.

Then he leaped out into the road, his fists doubled, his eyes raging. He danced back and forth in front of Saunders. The Scotchman looked up and down. It was a lonely place and no one was in sight.

"I bought the cows," he yelled.

Michael's fists came closer.

"It was only fair when you cheated me about Mistress McCarthy's property," Saunders whined.

"Ah, well, Saunders," said Michael grimly. "You're too much of a rogue to be treated as a man. I'll skelp you as if you were a naughty child."

He led Saunders to the ditch and punished him vigorously, while Aileen's cows grazed placidly and the calf lowed mournfully from behind the hedge.

"Now, you lie on your face in the ditch till I'm out of sight," commanded Michael. "What's this falling out of your clothes?"

It was Aileen's blue stocking half-full of shillings and crowns.

"She valleys me more than the cows *and* the stocking," Michael murmured, and he knelt in a loving daze for several minutes over the prostrate body of Saunders.

Then he rose, turned the cows southward, got his reluctant calf, the churn and the hens, and set off for home.

If the road was calling him he did not hear. All he heard were the old songs he and Aileen used to sing when they were first married, and the old Celtic stories they used to tell of the ancient Irishmen and saints who did not care for gold, but only for love and their souls.

"I told her I'd come back either on a stretcher or wid six cows," he said complacently, "and I'm as good as my worrd; thim cows is mine."

It was far past teatime when he reached the ruined church of Bannow. His heart was thankful, and he stepped inside to say a prayer. An old statue of the Virgin with her Babe in her arms stood in a mouldering niche; and there at the feet of the Mother of all mothers knelt Aileen.

He was only an Irish peasant, was Michael, but he had the mystic heart of the Celt, and he divined why she knelt to the Mother of the Child. He knelt softly beside her and whispered:

"Never again will I lave you or yours."

She clung to him sobbing, and then they said a prayer together. When they rose to go she looked almost indifferently at the cows; her praise of the churn was perfunctory, and she hardly noticed the hens.

"Ah, what matther since I have you agin," she said, and she would have passed by the blue stocking without seeing it. But Michael stored it in his bosom.

"Ah, but we'll need this and more—for him," he whispered.

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THE BELL SYSTEM
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
Uniting 4,000,000 Telephones

American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
The Associated Bell Companies
ONE POLICY—UNIVERSAL SERVICE—ONE SYSTEM

The Telephone's Burden

EVERY day brings a new use—a new requirement. It is the Telephone's Burden not only to keep pace with business development, but to camp constantly a little across the frontier.

Can you imagine a city, as cities once existed, made up of several "quarters" to each of which was confined a population which spoke a separate language?

You, as the average citizen, would be forced to learn several languages, or to go about the city with an interpreter—a process that would seriously interfere with your business.

If, instead of using different languages, the people of a city used *different telephone systems*, the result would be exactly the same. You would have to keep *each particular brand* of telephone.

It is nobody's *fault* that this is so. The Bell companies are not responsible for the fact that a nation's convenience demands the use of one telephone system, any more than they are that *one language* for a nation is better than a collection of provincial dialects.

The associated Bell companies, with their singleness of purpose and unity of service, *are* responsible, however, for doing their utmost to *provide the system that wholly fits this recognized condition*—that prevents the endless and expensive confusion of many systems.

The Telephone's Burden is to embrace in *one* comprehensive system all that a city, or the whole country, needs in the way of telephone service.

This has made the telephone universal. It has brought you the greatest possible number of subscribers with whom to talk.

It has been *flexibility* of the Bell management that has secured the most reasonable rates in the world for an adequate telephone service, and made it *universal*.

This progress would be impossible in the future if the flexibility of management were made inflexible by unwise interference.

The widespread work of development and maintenance carried on by 80,000 employés should clear your mind of doubt, if any exists, that the associated Bell companies are working *with* and *for* the public, striving by the most progressive methods to provide a telephone service at a reasonable price that will take your voice anywhere that your thought goes, or your friend goes, or your letter will travel.

The Bell service is diligently keeping pace with the country's progress, in full knowledge of existing conditions and *the necessities of the future*.

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation-

Look for this
Signature

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